

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 17 June 1959





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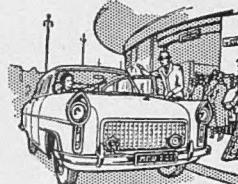
A Bradley model

in natural ranch mink

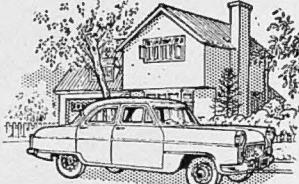
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your engine when
it's idle as well as
when it's running
—use*

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Driving to station and back
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Parked outside house on return
IDLE: 30 MINS



Taking children to school and back
RUNNING: 30 MINS

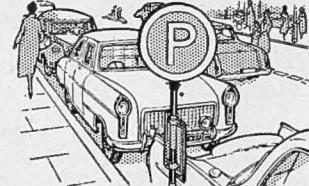
THAT STAYS



Left in drive after school trip
IDLE: 5 HOURS



Going to local shops
RUNNING: 15 MINS



Parked while shopping
IDLE: 30 MINS



Visiting friend (and back home later)
RUNNING: 30 MINS

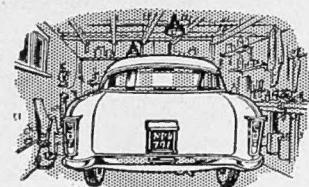
ON THE JOB



Outside friend's house and in drive
on return IDLE: 4 HOURS



Taking car to town and back
RUNNING: 1 HOUR



Parked during evening and in garage
all night IDLE: 11½ HOURS

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GOING PLACES

SHOWS SPORTS SPECTACLE

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THE SEASON

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House (to 16 August); also paintings by Sir Winston Churchill (to 3 August).

Royal Ascot, to 19 June.

Polo: Ascot Week Tournament, Smith's Lawn, Windsor, for the Royal Windsor Cup, to 21 June. **The Royal Tournament**, Earls Court, to 20 June. (Tickets, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1. VIC 7852.)

Glyndebourne Festival Opera to 16 August. (Tickets, Glyndebourne Opera Office, 23 Baker St. W.1. WEL 1010.) **Antique Dealers' Fair**, Grosvenor House. To 25 June.

National Hunter Show, Shrewsbury. 25 June.

Lawn Tennis Championships Wimbleton, 22 June-4 July.

Oxford Commemoration Balls: New College, 22 June; Oriel, 23 June; Worcester, 24 June.

SPORT

Second Test Match, England v. India, at Lord's. 18, 19, 20, 22, 23 June.

County Cricket Weeks. Hove, to 19 June; Bath to 19 June; Nottingham to 23 June; Colchester 24-30 June; Guildford. 24-30 June.

Golf. Open Championship, Muirfield, 29 June-3 July. Stroke Play Championship for Brabazon Trophy, Nottingham, 18-20 June.

Yachting, R.O.R.C. race, West Mersea-Ostend, 19 June; Holy Island (Northumberland) Week, 20-28 June; Stratford-on-Avon Regatta, 20 June.

MUSICAL

Purcell-Handel Festival. Week of Opera at Sadler's Wells. *Rodelinda* 24 & 26 June; *Semele* 23, 25, 27 June, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3). Handel's *Solomon*, by the Bach Choir & Jacques Orchestra, Royal Festival Hall, 8 p.m., 24 June. (Tickets, Ibbs & Tillett. WEL 8418).

Dido & Aeneas in the Great Hall, Hampton Court. 9.15 p.m., 18-19 June. 6.15 and 9.15 p.m., 20 June. (Tickets, Ibbs & Tillett WEL 8418; Bentalls Kingston 1001.)

Samson at Covent Garden, 25 June (COV 1066.)

Aldeburgh Festival, 19-28 June. The programme, from madrigals to Masses, includes a revival of *The Rape Of Lucretia*, *Under Milk Wood* and *A Purcell Cabaret*. (Aldeburgh 347.)

Covent Garden Opera. Maria Callas in Cherubini's *Medea* (exchange production from Dallas, Texas). tonight & 22, 24, 27, 30 June.

Die Fledermaus (Sadler's Wells company) at the London Coliseum. To 4 July. (TEM 3161.)

REVIVALS

Old Vic. *The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island* (adapted from Shakespeare, with Purcell's music. First performance for 115 years). To 27 June. (WAT 7616.)

Windsor Repertory Theatre. *Clutterbuck*, by Benn Levy. To 20 June. (Windsor 1107-8.)

Vanbrugh Theatre (R.A.D.A.), Malet St., W.C.1. *The Wild Duck* 19 June; *The Seagull*, 27, 29, 30 June. 2.30 & 7.30 p.m. Admission free

FIRST NIGHT

Graham Greene's The Complaisant Lover, with Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield & Phyllis Calvert. 18 June. (Globe Theatre, GER 1592.)

PRAISED PLAYS

From Anthony Cookman's reviews. For this week's, see "Verdicts" p. 651.

West Side Story. . . . high dramatic moments . . . tragic pathos . . . music and dancing are most happily integrated." Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay. (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606.)

Gilt & Gingerbread. "A sprightly light comedy. . . ." Mr. John Clements & Miss Kay Hammond at the head of an attractive company. (Duke of York's Theatre, TEM 5122.)

Irma La Douce. ". . . innocent absurdity . . . the music grows better and better all the while." Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell, Clive Revill. (Lyric Theatre, GER 3686.)

Let Them Eat Cake. "A story . . . entertainingly told and decorated with some highly diverting talk." Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Eunice Gayson, Henry Kendall. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

FANCIED FILMS

From Elspeth Grant's reviews. For this week's see "Verdicts" p. 652.

Look Back In Anger. "The screen version of Mr. John Osborne's play . . . admirably directed . . . and beautifully photographed." Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Mary Ure, Edith Evans. (Empire, Leicester Square (GER 1234) to this week, then G.R.)

Pork Chop Hill. ". . . a war film—or as I prefer to think an anti-war film . . . superbly made. Nobody can convey better than Mr. Lewis Milestone the confusion and the din of warfare." Gregory Peck, Harry Guardino, Rip Torn. G.R.

The Devil's General. ". . . the background of corruption . . . wartime high-up Nazi junkettings, soulless youth and suffering age is excellently established—and one can see why Herr Jurgens has become an international star." Curt Jurgens, Albert Lieven, Marianne Koch. (Cinephone, MAY 4721.)

continued overleaf



Vol. CCXXXII No. 3023

17 June 1959

COVER: See page 635. Photograph by *The Times*

NEXT WEEK: *Roses, roses, all the way*, a symposium of the English bloom and how it gets around. . . . Lynn Chadwick, the sculptor, photographed in his new home by Gerti Deutsch. . . . St. John Donn-Byrne reports from Paris. . . . The Paddock Wood Finishing School in pictures

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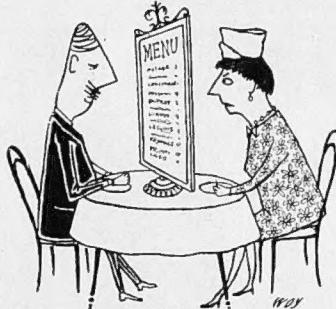
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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

O.S. = Open Sundays.

Bentley's, Swallow Street, W.1. (REG 0401.) C.S. Superb soles, lobsters and scallops in the restaurant upstairs. The three hospitable Bentleys (all 4½-litre supercharged) are in constant attendance.

Carvery Restaurant, Regent Palace Hotel, Glasshouse Street, W.1. (REG 7000.) C.S. Here's a bright idea: you do your own carving. Taking your courage and your carver in both hands, you help yourself to as much prime beef, lamb or pork as you can consume, and two or three vegetables. This with a first course such as soup or lemon, sweets, cheese and coffee for a flat 12s. 6d! Remarkable value. **Cul de Sac**, 43 Brompton Rd., S.W.3. (KEN 2928.) O.S. If you want to dine as if in the rue des Anglais in Paris and enjoy an omelette or a salami sandwich with a glass of wine for 7s. or less, you had better nip down into the Cul de Sac. Ken Adam, who was Mike Todd's art director in *Around The World In 80 Days*, designed the setting. "Taped" French music completes the illusion.

Emerson's Sherry Bar, 5b Shepherd Street, Mayfair, W.1. (GRO 1906.) C.S. Before dining out you can meet in this charming bar, owned and operated by Maurice ("Beau Brummell") Emerson, a Free Vintner, and drink wines in an atmosphere devoted to their appreciation. When there is an R in the month he serves the finest oysters, at other times Madeira cake, biscuits and sandwiches of quality. At 1 Glenthorne Street, Baker Street, N.W.1. (WEL 3827.) C.S. Henry Emerson, also a Free Vintner, runs a similar establishment. The décor alone makes it worth a visit. It seems almost indecent that money should change hands in such an atmosphere, but I can see the necessity from the Emersons' point of view.

Etoile, 30 Charlotte Street, W.1. (MUS 7189.) C.S. Top-quality and authentic French cuisine. But don't go if you are in a hurry, or you will infuriate that great enthusiast Toni Sofianos, their *maitre d'hôtel*. Make an evening of it, and have a gastronomic experience.

Fu Tong, 29 Kensington High Street, W.8. (WES 1293.) O.S. Don't listen to the bores who, having spent a few weeks in China, sneer when you mention Chinese restaur-

ants in England and probably remark that "they are not the real thing." When they were in China it's a fair bet eggs and bacon was their favourite dish. There are some first-class Chinese restaurants in London where I enjoy the food and atmosphere immensely. The Fu Tong is one of them.

Knightsbridge Grille, 171 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. (KEN 0824.) C.S. If you are a stranger, ask the proprietor Fernando about some of his specialities, especially the Hungarian ones. He was born there. In any case the *plat du jour* is always worth while. Excellent wines at the right price.

La Réserve, 37 Gerrard Street, W.1. (GER 5556.) C.S. Prepare your palate, your patience and your pocket before you go here. Your palate, so that you will not miss any of the superb subtleties of the classic French dishes. Your patience because nothing is prepared until ordered. Your pocket because here is the *haute cuisine* and Georges Dertu will offer nothing less. Allow at least £5 per head—this of course to include your wine.

Marcel's, 14 Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO 4912.) O.S. (evenings). Gaiety and garlic go well with the atmosphere and the *cuisine Provençale*. Much encouraged by its volatile director Marcel Cacciardo, who comes from Cannes and darts about like an electric eel between "Marcel's" and his other restaurant, which is—

La Surprise, 13-14 Knightsbridge Green, S.W.7. (KEN 0509.) O.S. (evenings). Here Marcel switches from *cuisine Provençale* to *Parisienne*, in a Toulouse-Lautrec setting. Many wines on draught, by the glass, carafe, bottle or bucket.

Massey's Chop House, 38 Beau-champ Place, S.W.3. (KEN 4856.) C.S. Magnificent T-bone steaks, chops &c., from their genuine charcoal grill. What is most unusual is that they grill trout, sole and salmon in the same way with the same success.

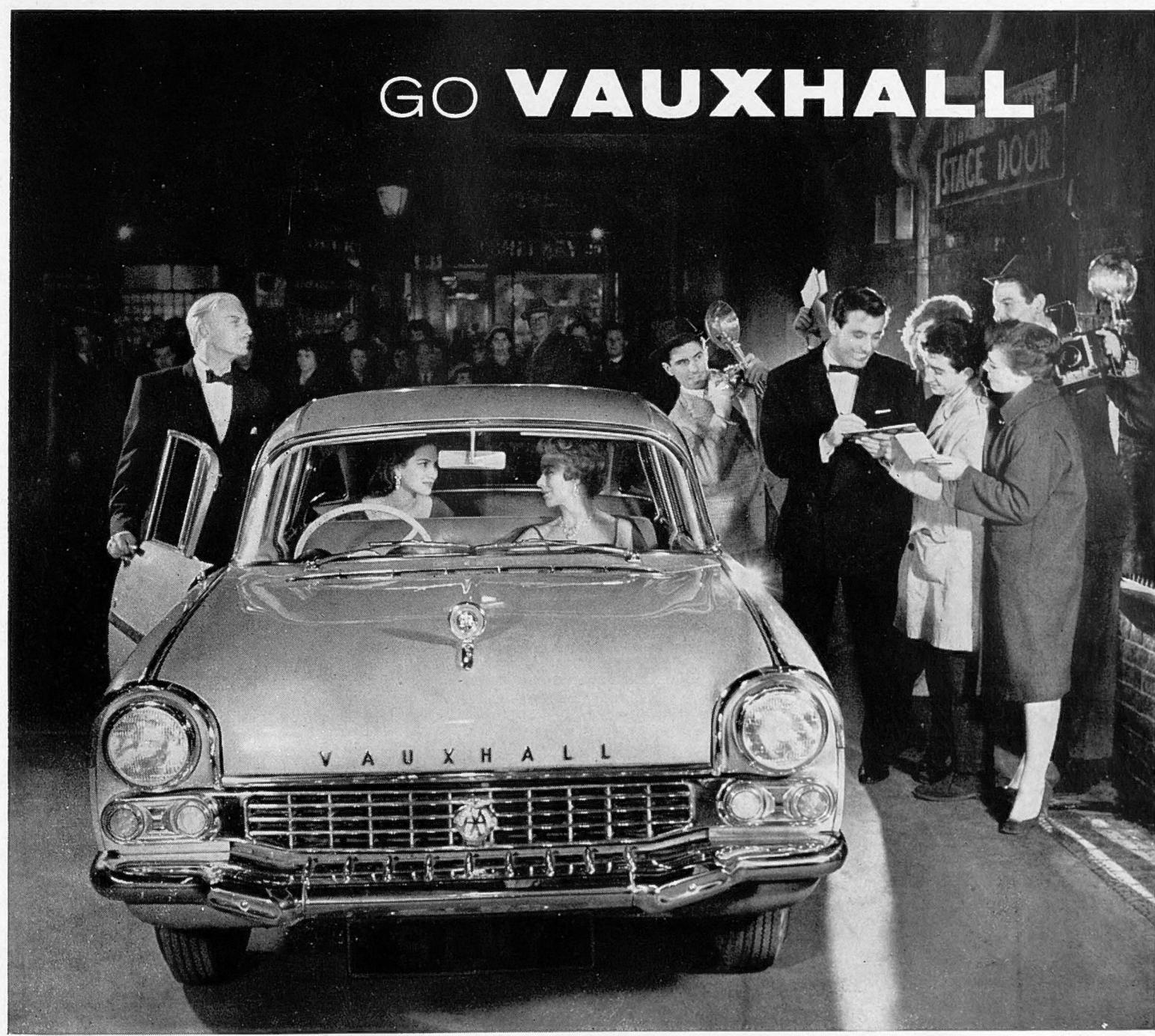
Normandie, 163 Knightsbridge, S.W.7. (KEN 1400/5317.) O.S. Directed by Ernest Quaglino and his nephew Louis Maggiore, the Normandie maintains a high reputation for the quality of its English, French and Italian cuisine. Fashionable, but reasonable in price. Charming private dining-room available with its own cocktail bar for parties up to 12. The new wine list will include a fine collection of "chateau bottled."

Quaglino's, Bury St., S.W.1. (WU 6767.) C.S. "Quag's" is in top gear, but if you slip into neutral as you go in Tony Roque, "Master of Mixing" at the cocktail bar, will tune you up. Then choose between the restaurant at street level (with Louis Muller in command) and the Allegro one floor down, beautifully air-conditioned (with M. Luparia in control). *Maitre chef de cuisine* is Livio Borra, who although Italian-born speaks excellent cockney and is one of the youngest *maitre chefs* in London. Dance bands and cabarets, both upstairs and downstairs

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Miss Patricia Rosamund Hanafin to Mr. Iain Ross

Mackintosh. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. J. B. Hanafin (retd.), & Mrs. Hanafin, Dooks, Co. Kerry. He is the son of Mr. John Mackintosh, Kilmory, Isle of Arran, & the late Mrs. Mackintosh



Fayer

Miss Sarah Barker to Mr. Christopher Codrington. She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. H. E. Barker, Westcroft, Pontefract, Yorks. He is the son of Lt.-Col. W. S. Codrington, Jersey, & Mrs. M. Codrington, Shere, Surrey



Fayer

Miss Esther Mary Rose Mitchell to Mr. Richard Alistair Cobbold.

She is the daughter of Mr. A. Mitchell, Bermuda, & the Hon. Mrs. McLaren, Edinburgh. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Cobbold, Holbrook, Suffolk



Fayer

ENGAGEMENTS**WEDDINGS**

Child—Woodall: Miss Deirdre Kathleen Child, daughter of Sir John Child, Bt., & Lady Child, Chobham, Surrey, married Mr. Antony Woodall, son of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Woodall, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.1, at St. Lawrence's Church, Chobham



Solomon—Maclean: Miss Diana C. E. Solomon, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Solomon, Westbrook, Mumbles Road, Swansea, married Dr. Alexander D. W. Maclean, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. G. Maclean, Walter Road, Swansea, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, W.1



Pery—Thorne: Lady Anne Patricia Pery, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Limerick, Chiddinglye, West Hoathly, Sussex, married Lt.-Col. Peter Francis Thorne, son of General Sir Andrew & the Hon. Lady Thorne, Knowl Hill House, Reading, at St. Margaret's, West Hoathly

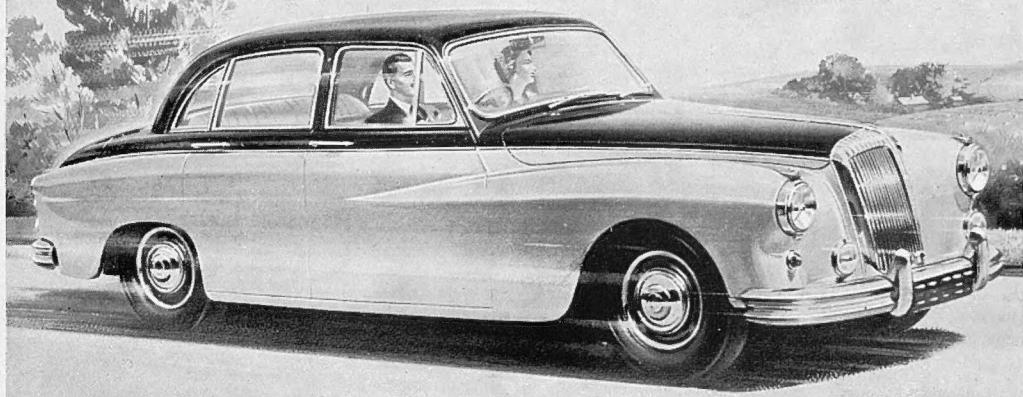


Steinberg—Jay: Miss Raymonde Steinberg, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Steinberg, Portland Place, W.1, married Mr. Ian Jay, son of the late Dr. Maurice Jay, and of Mrs. Jay, Bickenhall Mansions, Baker Street, W.1 at the Central Synagogue

de Burgh—Inglis: Miss Rosaleen M. F. de Burgh, daughter of Capt. H. de Burgh, R.N., & Mrs. de Burgh, Oldtown, Naas, Co. Kildare, married Major John C. Inglis, son of Major H. J. Inglis, Llansantffraed House, Bwlch, Brecon, & the late Mrs. Inglis, at St. David's, Naas



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ing ranges as well as a good 'top end'" was the verdict of John Bolster (Autosport) on the powerful 3.8 litre, 6-cylinder engine. For a big saloon, the Majestic's acceleration would do credit to a sports car: 0-30 in 4.4 secs, 0-60 in 14.2 secs and 0-90 in 35.9 secs with a top speed of over 100 mph. The excellent visibility, fast cornering without roll, superb stability and light sensitive steering give, as Bolster reports "that

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"Six hefty men can travel in comfort" comments 'Autosport'. This spaciousness—unequalled by any other British saloon—is accented by the completely flat floor and unusually generous leg room. Traditional Daimler luxury is apparent in the lavish interior trim, thick pile carpets, walnut veneered facia, variable interior lighting and finest leather upholstery.

"Several of my friends suggested that it should cost over £4,000" John Bolster reports. With such a combination of spaciousness, luxurious comfort, exhilarating performance and elegant styling, the price of the Daimler Majestic must—to quote 'The Motor'—"be adjudged moderate" at

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

We hope that The TATLER reaches readers on time this week, but delays may be unavoidable during the present dispute in the printing industry. We can only express to readers our regrets for any inconvenience and ask for their indulgence in our difficulties



The Queen at the Kew garden party. Behind: the reopened Palm House

And so... to Canada

MURIEL BOWEN'S

SOCIAL DIARY

THE QUEEN & PRINCE PHILIP LEAVE LONDON tomorrow to open the great St. Lawrence Seaway and to tour a substantial part of Canada. For the Queen it will be the most crowded tour of her reign. It involves visits to 100 different places, plus 15,000 miles of travel in 45 days. To say farewell last week Mr. George Drew, the Canadian High Commissioner, & Mrs. Drew invited the Queen and the Prince to dine at their Mayfair home. Apart from the royal couple and their retinue all the guests who sat down to dinner in the green and gold dining-room were Canadians.

Mr. & Mrs. Drew (she wearing a full-skirted Dior dress of palest pink organza) introduced the Queen and the Prince to the guests including their daughter Sandra, 19 (back from Canada, where she has a T.V. job, for the summer), and their son John, 21, who is on holiday from McGill University. The long dinner table was decorated with tawny colour roses, and to eat there was *consommé*, duckling ("done the Canadian way with a nice rich apple sauce," according to Mrs. Drew), and strawberry shortcake—a Canadian favourite.

On their arrival in Canada the Queen and the Prince will go aboard the Britannia, where they will be joined by President & Mrs. Eisenhower, and the royal yacht will sail through golden gates to perform the official opening of the Seaway, a great new route from the Atlantic to the American heartland.

ONE MORE ROYAL LOOK

At the end of the bicentenary celebrations at the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew the hosts were so busy seeing off the Queen and Prince Philip that they "lost" the Princess Royal. Minutes passed—no sign. The Hon. John Hare, Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. George Taylor, Kew's director, had worried faces. "Why are you all so worried?" queried the Hon. Mrs. Hare. "She's a keen gardener and I'm sure she has gone to have a look at something else." Sure enough, the Princess Royal appeared five minutes later escorted by Mr. Hugh Molson, Minister of Works. "There is so much to see and I was just having one more look," she said.

Kew is so mixed up in East-West exchanges that gardeners of more than a score of nations gathered to celebrate the bicentenary. (When trees in the West get diseased, Kew imports similar ones from the East, plants them for a time, then passes them on.) A special guest was Tunku Ja'acob, High Commissioner for Malaya, who came with his wife. The rubber industry which has brought riches to Malaya started with 22 seedlings from Kew. And the day before the garden party at Kew the Russians had what is reported to have been a very bubbly party at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow. The party was a salute to Kew which the invitations described as, "the foremost botanical institution in the world." *continued overleaf*



Miss S. Sinnott (centre)
and Miss Carolyn
Beckford



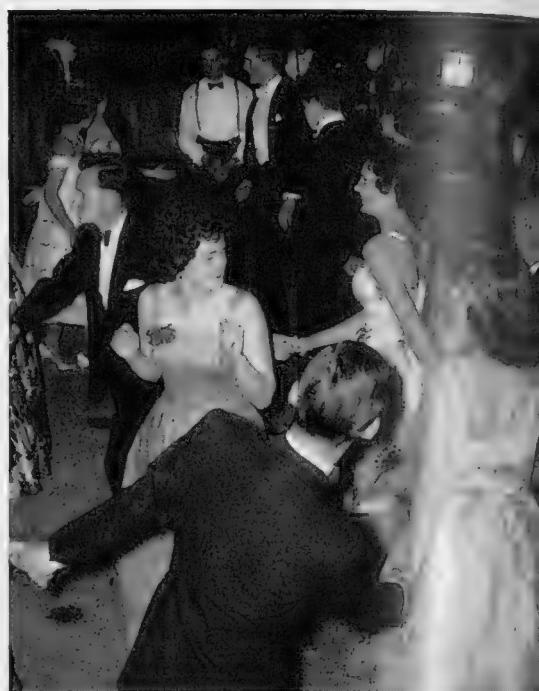
Above: The Dagenham Girl Pipers played for eightsome reels on the terrace (right)



Capt. & Mrs. G. E. Coles
with their daughter Denise



Lady Dulverton,
wife of the joint-
Master of the North
Cotswold Hunt



P. C. Palmer

SOCIAL
DIARY
continued

THE PIPES CAUSED A RUSH

Tenant farmers with field glasses gathered on the hilltops at midnight to watch Scottish dancing on the terrace at Campden House, high in the Cotswolds near Chipping Campden. The reels were the high spot of the brilliantly arranged ball given by Capt. & Mrs. George Coles for the coming-out of their only daughter, 18-year-old auburn-haired Denise. The girl pipers in their Royal Stuart kilts caused such a surprise that guests—many of them Scottish—went leaping through the ballroom windows when they heard the skirl of the pipes. Captain George Lane-Fox (Adjutant to the Royal Horse Guards), Miss Zandra Drummond-Moray, Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell, Mr. John Festing (son of Gen. Sir Francis Festing, the C.I.G.S.), Miss Jacky Trethewan, and Mr. Timothy Holland-Martin lost no time in forming sets.

Lady Dulverton and Mr. J. D. Wilson watched for a while, then retreated. "It looks fun," she said, "but I always think that reels are only for the very young." Mrs. Coles and Mr. Roger Swinbourne Jones were among the few of the older generation dancing the reels.

Soon almost everybody was whipping into an eightsome on the paved terrace with its flower-filled *jardinières* of Cotswold stone. The Elizabethan house, one of the great "wool houses" of the Cotswolds (until about 20 years ago it was the seat of the Earls of Gainsborough), was a splendid backdrop for the Highland dancing.

Among the younger guests were Miss Caroline Hutchinson, who has a marvellous head of copper-colour hair and a keen interest in art (she starts an art course at university in Italy in the autumn), Mr. Raymond Salisbury-Jones (son of the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones), and dark, vivacious Caroline Boothby, who had spent the day doing shorthand and typewriting

tests. Lady Boothby is giving a ball for her at Fonmon Castle, Glamorgan, later this month.

The last word on this superbly run ball: a guest leaving early stopped on the avenue to look back on the floodlit party. Almost immediately the car was bathed in light as a searchlight was swung into position from the 16th-century tithe barn. And an Automobile Association patrolman rode up to ask if anything was wrong!

A DERBY EVE DANCE

In London there were many parties at Derby time. The Twelve Club started its celebrations the day before with a dinner-dance at Grosvenor House. "There is always too much else going on, on the day itself," said Mr. Rupert Le Butt, honorary secretary. He is a stockbroker. He told me that he has a list of distinguished names wanting to join the club, many of whom have been on the list for three years and more.

The club's sweep (for charity) brought in the bets. Lord Patrick Beresford had a flutter, and so too had Mr. Jack Gerber, Viscount & Viscountess Marchwood, and Mr. & Mrs. I. M. O. Hutchinson. Lady Petre (former Mayor of Kensington), and Lord & Lady Tryon looked on. Col. Jock Hartley, the club's octogenarian president, was kept busy shaking hands, and I heard Mr. George Beeby, the trainer, offering advice on Derby Day traffic. "It's no bother at all getting on and off the course," he said. "The trouble is getting that far."

DERBY TIP: CHECK YOUR BADGE

I remembered Mr. Beeby's remark next day when, having been constantly waved on by the patrolmen, I wound up at Epsom amid the sumptuous automobiles belonging to the Jockey Club. I had the right badge on my lapel, but only

the remains of the one that got me to the Bicentenary Garden Party at Kew the day before on my windscreen. It was the colour of the ones issued by the Epsom authorities to Jockey Club members!

Not that there is much excuse for ignorance when you go to the Derby. The Epsom Grand Stand Association issues a parking guide that runs to 14 pages plus maps. "We issue about 30,000 of them every year," Mr. A. Crego-Bourne tells me. He is secretary of the association. When the guide arrives, and if you are fast away from the tapes, you can send off £4, get a blue badge (almost as good as the Jockey Club) and get your car into Upper Enclosure No. 1.

Next year, with the right car badge (personal badges are only a matter of having enough money *on the day*) I plan to give more time to the horses.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE ZOO

From racing to cruising. Some racegoers got away from Epsom in time to accept an invitation from Field Marshal Lord Harding & Lady Harding to cruise through Regent's Park on the barge "Jason." Capt. the Hon. Edward Digby, son of Lord Digby, stepped aboard in morning dress, carrying his grey topper. The Dowager Viscountess Allendale was another who made it from the races. They sat on turquoise leather seats talking about "the race" to other guests who in turn explained why they hadn't seen it.

"I'm a working man," said Capt. Charles Worthington, of the brewing family. Mr. Antony Head, M.P., who has ridden in the Grand National, also had an excuse. "I've never won anything on a horse," he said sadly. Only the Hon. David Montgomery, son of the field marshal, who came with his wife, had the best of both worlds. He had backed Sir Humphrey de Trafford's horse at 10-1.

The barge, decorated with baskets of lobelia and geraniums, set off through a long, dark tunnel, past the marvellous green of the Zoo and deep into Regent's Park. At turning point Mrs. F. C. Rigby, chairman of the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, talked about the purpose of the cruise: to raise money for refugees still in camps and settlements.

THREE SHARE A DANCE

Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P., deserved a cheer for his part in the dance given by Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Lewis Civval and Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie (his sister) for the coming-out at 6 Hamilton Place of their daughters—Miss Sally Ford, Miss Susan McKenzie, and Miss Martha Civval. It was his idea to have a West Indian steel band. The red-shirted musicians with dark rolling eyes really hotted things up. The dancing became so energetic that Miss Grania Villiers-Stuart and her partner found the two most comfortable-looking armchairs in the place, and others, like Miss Sarah Merton, Miss Virginia Ropner, Mr. Roddie McLeod, and Sir Dudley Forwood (wearing a patterned red cummerbund), went out on the cool balcony where they could see Lord Byron's statue, inky black against the floodlit Dorchester. A waiter brought them champagne. Sally's uncle and aunt, Sir Edward & the Hon. Lady Ford (he is Assistant Private Secretary to the Queen), headed for strawberries and cream.



Débutantes and their escorts on the balcony outside the ballroom. Right: Miss Susan McKenzie, one of the three girls for whom the dance was given

DÉBUTANTE DANCE IN HAMILTON PLACE

(see "Three share a dance")



Miss Sally Ford with her mother, Mrs. Nigel Fisher, wife of the M.P. for Surbiton, one of the three joint hostesses



Miss Martha Civval, who also shared the dance, with Mr. Nicholas Buckley and her mother, Mrs. L. Civval.



Mr. Charles Seely and Miss Caroline Price, daughter of Mrs. Trevor Price. Her dance is at the Naval & Military Club next week



Desmond O'Neill
Mr. Peter Thomas & Miss Diana Barbor, who has a dance at Knebworth House in the autumn. Her mother is Mrs. Ronald Barbor

The Pied Piper Ball

HELD AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL

Van Hallan



Princess Margaret was guest of honour at the ball, organized by Chelsea branch of the N.S.P.C.C.



Lord Howard de Walden buys a programme from Lady Davina Pepys



Mrs. John Ward with Mr. Tom Lehrer, who gave a midnight cabaret



Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill. Lord Rupert is the Marquess of Abergavenny's brother



Miss Fiona Sprot danced with the Hon. Michael Spring-Rice to music by Tommy Kinsman



The winning St. Edmund Hall crew

Eights Week at Oxford

ST. EDMUND HALL WENT HEAD OF THE RIVER FOR THE FIRST TIME

P. C. Palmer



The St. Edmund Hall eight limber up before the last race



Miss Gloria Crankshaw from Newcastle with Mr. John Collins of Wadham College

Sir Herbert Thompson on the university boathouse roof



"GEMINI": Mr. David Howell asks us to make clear that this universities review (mentioned in a recent issue) is a London publication and that he is its chairman and general editor



The recently built boathouses were crowded with undergraduates and friends.
Below: Miss Mary-Claire Malcolm with Mr. Hugh Scurfield of Hertford, on the college's barge. A record crowd watched the last day's racing



Above left: Mr. John Goldman of Magdalen with Miss Joanna Salt who wore an outsize cartwheel hat. *Right:* Miss Diana Hughes, of the Ruskin School of Art at Oxford, painted the scene from the towpath



Last day and the traditional duckings. One victim was Mr. Bryan Warnes of the St. Peter's Hall schools eight

Supporters ran along the bank cheering on the crews

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

A children's party was given in Chelsea for her daughter Virginia, six, by Mrs. Duncan McClure. It ended in a bus outing to Richmond

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEATHER CRAUFURD

SABRINA & MIRANDA, twin daughters of Mr. & Mrs. James Guinness, Chelsea Park Gardens, S.W.3



NICHOLAS (foreground), son of Mr. & Mrs. William Sansom, Acacia Road, N.W.8



CLARE, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dan Scrimgeour, Hazel Rough, Hartfield, Sussex



All aboard a double-decker bus for the journey to Richmond



SARAH COUBROUGH, EDWARD HIBBERT & CHARLES SHAUGHNESSY were among the 30 guests

From long experience of public-spirited activities, **LADY CAYLEY** offers advice on avoiding the hazards

How to do good without going wrong

CIVIC FUNCTIONS: Find out who is who. Once as a nervous 19-year-old I jerked back from the portly stranger who was arming me into dinner preceded by the mace, screeching "Dear God, we're ahead of the mayor," He was, alas, the mayor—according to custom, honouring the newest bride.

OPENING THINGS: For goodness' sake wear your best clothes; flashiness is at all times safer than underdressing. Otherwise you might overhear, as I did: "She might have bothered to change." Have a few non-committal remarks ready, for it is fatal to rely on the modern clergyman. He too has had little time to prepare and tends to field the ball to you.... "Who will, in her usual charming manner, explain the aims and objects of this little Bazaar."

BUYING AT THE STALLS: Monstrosities of all descriptions will be pressed on you—plaster teaset, hand-decorated in sealing-wax, or little horrors in ecrù-drawn-thread, or woollies made for midgets with monkey-length arms. My magic formula (but it must be ready on the tongue) is to exclaim: "Oh, how

beautiful—alas, it is the wrong shape, colour or size."

DRAWING RAFFLES: Simplicity itself so long as you avoid drawing your own number. Palm it quick.

GUESSING THE DOLL'S NAME: Reasonably certain to be named after you or your baby if you have a new one, or any member of the Royal Family in the news at the moment. (Remember to give the doll back.)

JUDGING WILD FLOWERS: Not complicated either. Quantity sooner than quality or artistry is the keynote here.

JUDGING JAMS, BOTTLED FRUITS, CAKES AND TEASCONES: Technical. Advisable to take along an expert, but be sure she is a stranger. I once had an assistant, skilled but unscrupulous, who awarded certificates wholesale to friends whose entries she recognized by the plates.

JUDGING BEAUTY QUEENS: Never to be attempted minus husband. Then problems such as beautiful-legs-plus-squint, versus smashing-face-but-thick-ankles can be handed over to him, and a

much needed air of jollity imparted to the whole affair.

WHIST DRIVES: Fun, but essential to have a good grip on the rules. You perambulate the room changing partners after each hand, thereby gaining, if you keep your ears open, an interesting store of local titbits.

WHIST DRIVE PRIZE-GIVING: Watch for sharp practice. "Highest ladies," quicker in the uptake than their masculine counterparts, are liable to make a beeline for cigarettes and vouchers, leaving "Winning gents," as they lumber to their feet, a choice of a small comb in a case, or a wisp of pink nylon too small for the average female. (N.B. This invariably brings the house down.)

BABY SHOWS: These are best judged single-handed. The "By God or by guess" system is as good as any.

JUDGING CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS: Another job not calculated to enhance popularity. How was I to know that those I had placed First, Second and Third were all children of the same professional dressmaker?

PRESENTING SCHOOL PRIZES: Above all, wear unobtrusive attire, particularly if your own child is a pupil. Aim to look like a gentlewoman while avoiding "shabby genteel."

JUMBLE SALES: Pricing, which is no job for the queasy, takes place in the morning (the room is always icy) and is not conducive to good relations between helpers. But the worst part begins when the customers arrive. Jumble sales don't have openers—just strong men to hold the doors. Crowds seethe in and ruthlessly attack the stalls. But with all their horrors, jumble sales are the surest way to re-roof the church.

B R I G G S by Graham



HOW DO YOU DANCE?



At some of this season's balls **TOM HUSTLER** has kept his camera alert to capture 1959's dancefloor styles. These shots, he reports, will enable most dancers to gather how they look on the floor, which may not be just how they think . . .*



TRADITIONAL FORMAL—as prescribed by Princess Helga of Schaumburg-Lippe with Mr. Edward Voules



THE CONTINENTAL CLUTCH. Popular in Italy and, like everything Italian, it's caught on here.
Miss Diane Kirk with Mr. Shane Summers

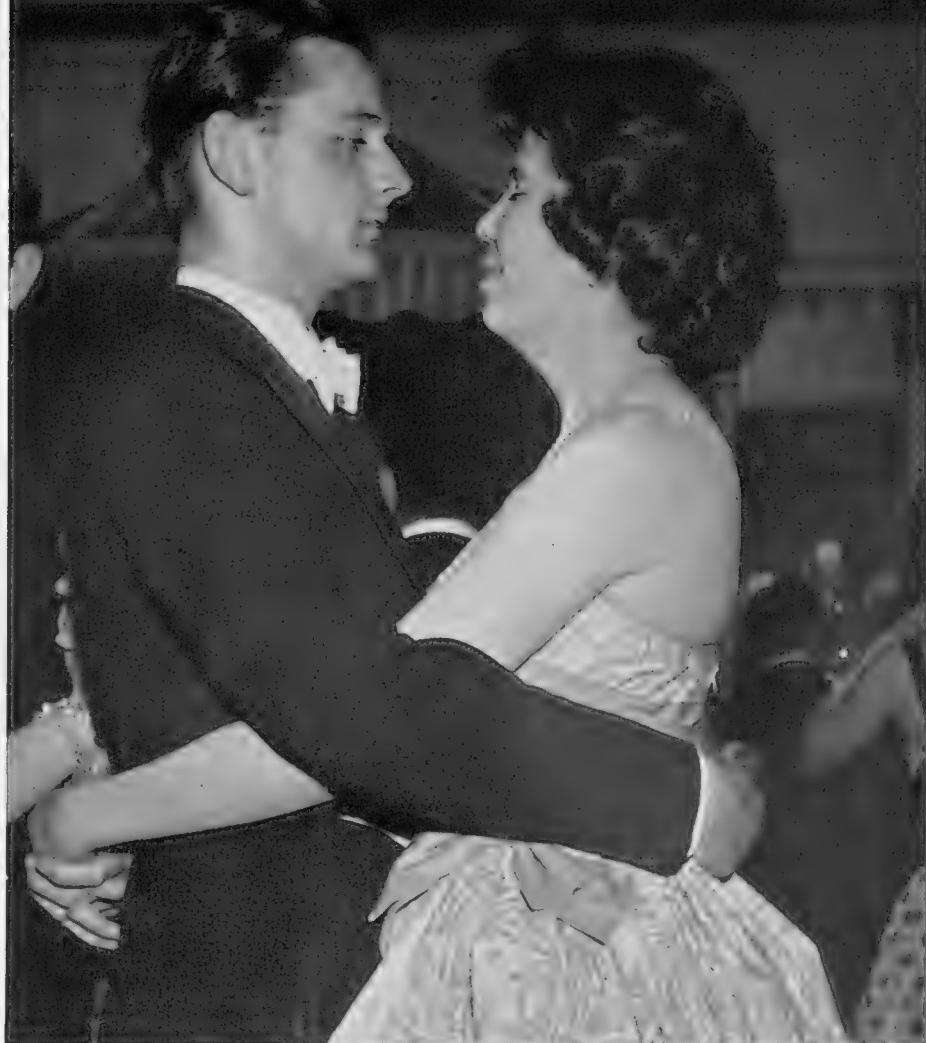
STRICTLY FOR CONVERSATION. The dancing is incidental.
Miss Zena Marshall and Lord George Scott

* Tom Hustler took these pictures at three coming-out dances: Miss Katharine Carlisle's & Miss Sarah Hope's at the Hurlingham Club, the Misses Ballantyne's at the Dorchester, and Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy at Quaglino's (this dance was given jointly by Mrs. Francis Ogilvy and Princess Djordjadze).



CHEEK TO CHEEK. *Almost as respectable now as Traditional Formal.*

Miss Lindy Guinness and Mr. Eddie Dawson



THE BUNNY HUG MODERNIZED—*much favoured on the postage-stamp floors of nightclubs.*

Mr. Brock Trethewan and Miss Jean Henderson



SEDATE SWING. *Even the jiviest jigs have a politer ballroom version.*

Mr. Simon Munro Kerr and Miss Zia Foxwell

BAREFOOT ABANDON. *Relax and let yourself go. "Cool" music is hot work.*

The Hon. Penelope Allsopp and Lord Valentine Thynne



I like old books—bad ones

by MICHAEL WHARTON

I FOUND IT THE OTHER DAY IN MY BEDROOM in a country hotel. *Sunshine and Shadow*, *Rogues in Council*, *Trapped! Reuben's Secret*, *Interlude in Arcady*, *Sauce for the Goose*, *In Which John Grasmere Tells His Love*, *All's Well That Ends Well*. These were some of the chapter headings of a solidly bound though rather dusty book called *Flavia Mildmay*. I had nothing else to read and was soon deep in the adventures of Flavia, a late-Victorian heroine with every possible attribute of her kind. She was an orphan, brought up in a Cornish institution, bleak and windswept and run by gnarled old women and galoshed clergymen. She had only one friend, the kindly, buxom housekeeper, Betsey Crabtree. Envied for her beauty by the other orphans and lusted after by Seth Worksop, villainous son of a local landowner, Flavia had no alternative but to flee one autumn morning and join the mobile pool of runaway governesses at that time moving about the roads and railways of England's fiction.

I forgot how the story developed. All ended happily, of course, with wedding bells and everybody proving to be the long-lost heir of everybody else. Seth Worksop got his deserts, turning out to be an impostor and falling down a disused leadmine in Derbyshire while trying to steal the patent of John Grasmere's new rotary ore-refining plant.

England is not made only of soil, rocks and vegetation. It is also made of forgotten books. They lie about us in great layers like geological strata, mostly underground, but occasionally outcropping in dusty bookcases in boarding-houses, hospitals, junkshops. There are millions of these mute forgotten things everywhere, mouldering away, coalescing into a huge anonymous mass. Yet each one was once a beloved individual creation of toiling lady-novelist, reminiscent colonel, hard-pressed hack or fugitive from masters' common-room.

I find it hard to resist these books when I come across them, partly from sentimental pity for their unread plight, partly out of

uneasy sympathy. I cannot be absolutely certain that every word I write myself will be remembered and analysed by the English Literature Faculty of the University of Des Moines in the year 2000. A nagging doubt remains. Besides, there is also a lot of enjoyment in them. There is nothing like a badly written, poorly constructed novel or a rambling travel book for leading you gently and insensibly back into the past. Undistracted by good writing or vivid impressions, you hear the mumbling, self-deluding, trivial, average voice of the time.

Once, on a railway journey, I had to wait for an hour or so at a small junction in a remote part of the country. I walked up and down the platform once or twice and then went into a room labelled, unusually, FIRST CLASS WAITING ROOM AND LIBRARY. There was a fire in the grate with a battered leather armchair in front of it. Along one side of the room was a big old-fashioned bookcase, dusty and crammed with faded green, plum and indigo.

I opened one of the glass doors and read some of the titles. *Denzil's Fortune* by Emmeline Crake, *Colonel Anstruther*, v.c. by R. S. Temple-Harris, *Transylvanian Folktales* by "Voivode," *Hearts Asunder*, *Child of Storm*, *Life—and Maurice*... row on row the massed volumes welcomed a reader at last.

Half-way through *Child of Storm* I may have noticed half-consciously the arrival and departure of a train. The sound merely mingled with the roar of breakers on the western shore where the terrifying old Gaelic humbug, Murdo Macrory, was calling down curses on his stepdaughter Kirstie for her refusal to give up Fergus, the poor but noble-hearted young fisherman. I read on to the end, saw Murdo fall screaming down the 2,000-foot drop of a local cliff, the Frenchman's Nose, and Kirstie safe in Fergus's arms at last. I passed on to the advertisements at the back, enjoying the engravings of Norfolk jackets, plates of soup and billiard tables, and the quoted reviews: "Miss Moultnay's touch is deft as ever, her knowledge of the human heart as sure-footed, her humour as delicate.... Her work will live."

I suddenly remembered where I was when

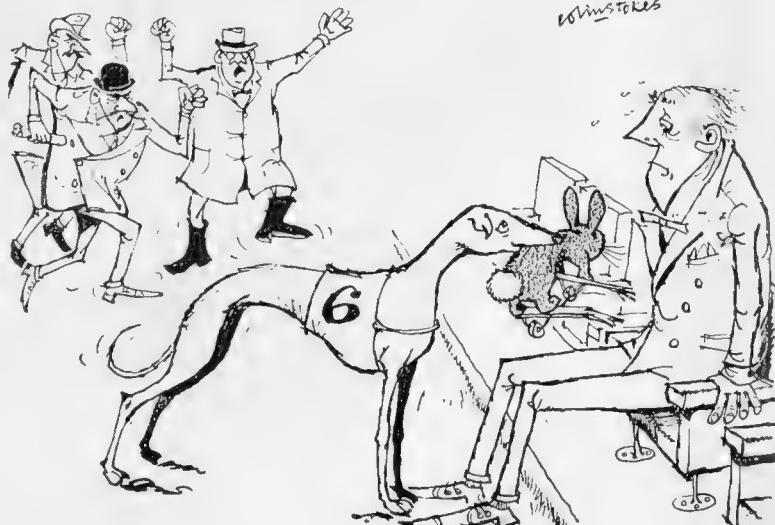
the door opened quietly and the stationmaster came in. "No more trains tonight," he said. "The next one's at 7.15 tomorrow morning. You'll be all right here. Plenty to read, anyhow!" He laughed ironically, placed an oil lamp on the table and left.

I started on *A Black Country Alcestis* straight away. By midnight I was halfway through *Colonel Anstruther*, v.c. By three o'clock I had finished *Transylvanian Days*. I took up *Life—and Maurice* but had only just begun it when the oil-lamp began to fade. The fire burned low. I dozed off into a confused world peopled by sepoys and brigands. In a forest clearing Maurice, a gifted pianist in faultless evening dress, played mazurkas to an audience of peasants, Army officers, vampires and Highland spinning-women. I woke with a start to find myself shivering with cold.

There was only one thing to do, as Colonel Anstruther would have put it. By lying on the floor and covering myself up with the books I was able to keep reasonably warm until morning. It was not very comfortable, but I could feel a kind of friendliness and gratitude oozing from all those millions of dead words which, but for some strange chance, nobody would ever read again. I put the books away carefully before the stationmaster came in the morning, leaving only *Child of Storm* in a prominent position on the mantelshelf. There was a hope that for the first time in 70 years somebody might read at any rate a few pages of Miss Moultnay's masterpiece.

Her book was dead like the rest, and also gone before. Every day a hundred new books join this great forgotten army. The layers of literary detritus are continually growing and spreading. In 50 years' time some reader with the same tastes as myself may be reading today's novels with nostalgic delight. He will enjoy the quaint period flavour, the inanely clumsy construction, the stilted dialogue, the sheer irresistible absurdity of a thousand angry young men, exhibitionist gaolbirds, sensitive homosexuals, tormented adulteresses and beautiful girl existentialists. *Denzil's Fortune* and *No Room in the Dustbin*, neighbours on the same cobwebbed shelf, will moulder away together.

STOKES JOKES





This silhouetted tableau of Marcus's "Little Black Dress" was a spectacular feature of the fashion show for buyers at Celanese House. *Left:* Mrs. Westcombe, wife of a South African buyer, arrives to visit the House of Commons



Fashion buyers see London

The Fashion Group of London put on a lively entertainment programme for its overseas visitors during the Fashion Week. The most appreciated touch was an old-fashioned London pub crawl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM HUSTLER



At *The George Inn*, Southwark, ex-Det. Supt. Robert Fabian (Fabian of the Yard), guide on the pub crawl, talks to habitué, Old George, who recited his own version of "Time Gentlemen Please"



Dame Margot Fonteyn signed the visitors' book at Celanese House after opening the show. With her: Mr. Leslie Carr-Jones, chairman of the Fashion Group of London



At the *Sherlock Holmes* in Northumberland Avenue, buyers saw a reproduction of Holmes's Baker Street flat. Painting above is of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the people Mr. & Mrs. Kennedy from Amsterdam

A Soho stop was *Aux Caves de France*. Mr. Bondi-Saprato, a buyer from Italy, studied a painting of a nude



HOSTS The Canadian Premier, Mr. John G. Diefenbaker, and his wife will be hosts for the second time to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they arrive in Canada for the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway on 26 June. (See Seawayside Canada, pages 635-40.) The first occasion was in October, 1957, when the Queen opened the Canadian Parliament. Mr. and Mrs. Diefenbaker are seen walking up from the Ottawa River behind their home



Malak



Alan Vines

HOUSING Sir William Holford, F.R.I.B.A., one of Britain's top town planners, has gone to Australia to advise on another big job out there—planning the enlargement and improvement of Canberra, the Federal capital. His Swan River Bridge and approaches at Perth (an earlier Australian commission) is now under construction. Sir William, Professor of Town Planning at University College, London, is a frequent assessor in architectural competitions

HELP The Countess of Cranbrook (right), chairman of the 12th Aldeburgh Festival (opening on Friday), has worked tirelessly for the festival since its earliest years. She is a J.P. and her home at Great Glemham House, Saxmundham, is a Suffolk social centre. Her husband, the Earl, a distinguished naturalist and treasurer of the Linnaean Society, is lecturing on Suffolk poets at the forthcoming festival



K. Hutton



NEWS PORTRAITS



Gerti Deutsch

HERITAGE Lady Susi Jeans, founder of the Mickleham and Westhumble Music Festival, sits at the clavichord with (*above, left*) composer Matyas Seiber at Cleveland Lodge, her Surrey home where part of the festival is held. Her daughter Catherine (*above*) plays the lute with a portrait of her father, the late Sir James Jeans, in the background. Cleveland Lodge contains three organs (one designed for his own use by Sir James), a pedal harpsichord (one of only two now existing) and two clavichords built by Thomas Goff. In recent years Lady Jeans has devoted much of her time to musical research. Mr. Seiber, Hungarian-born, has lived in England since 1935

Boulting: Not cricket. Oh no, certainly not cricket.

I wanted to ask you how you began in films. It always seems such a closed world from the outside.

Boulting: It began when we were children. We had a nurse who was a tremendous film fan, simply mad about Valentino. When our parents thought she was taking us out for exercise and fresh air she was sneaking us into a cinema to watch his films. One film in particular, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, changed our lives. We were both swept away by the performance of an old actor called Josef Swickard. When we came out of the cinema our nurse said: "Wasn't he wonderful?" She was talking about Valentino, of course, but we thought she meant Swickard and fervently agreed. Twenty-five years later we saw that film again, and Swickard's performance was dreadful, dreadful—the most awful old ham. But Nanny was quite right. Valentino was superb. Anyhow, from then on all our games and ambitions revolved around films.

Did you intend to be actors?

Boulting: Oh no, I think we always saw ourselves making films. Later when we went to school we founded the first cinematographic society to be started in a public school. We bought secondhand equipment and made our own films. Then I left school, somewhat ahead of John, and went off to Canada after a disagreement with my father. I did various jobs there, including some work for a small film company. Meanwhile John had left school and got a job as an office boy with a firm of film distributors. He gradually worked up to be a salesman for them, and succeeded in persuading one of the companies he dealt with that with all my experience I would be useful to them. I came home from Canada, working as a hand on a cattleboat. I don't quite know why, except that I had read W.H. Davies's *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* in which he did just that. The film company made rather bad films, but the several years I spent with them were the most valuable experience I could have had. One can learn nearly as much from seeing films badly made as seeing them well made, you know. Anyhow, we eventually decided that the time had come to start making films on our own, and with great difficulty we raised some capital and made one.

What was it about?

Boulting: It was about respectability in Bayswater and it was called *The Landlady*. When it was finished we looked at it and discovered it was terrible. It was bad in every possible way. We decided that we could not let it be shown, and after all the effort and all the expense it was the hardest decision we ever made in our lives. We still remember the film with horror. Nowadays

when one of us gets rather cocky about things, the other has only to say: "You know, I think we should get *The Landlady* down and have a look at it." Then both of us remember how bad we can be.

What was your first success?

Boulting: A 45-minute film called *Consider Your Verdict* based on a story by Laurence Housman. The press was very kind about it and it gave us a start. It was some time later that we began to do comedies, mainly because everybody in films said that the Boultings had no sense of humour.

Do you think your satire is sharp enough?

Boulting: Yes, I think so. If it were sharper it would indicate a lack of proportion in us. And nothing is quite so funny as showing people exactly as they are.

Do you see film-making as a job or as an art?

Boulting: Not as just a job. If we came to feel it was that we should give it up. I still feel a thrill of excitement as I go into a cinema, and John feels it too.

As an art then?

Boulting: That's too high-falutin' a word for us. Words like "art" are bandied around too much these days. "Art" and "brilliant" and "genius" are words that should be saved for a very, very few people, who have a unique magic. It's something one feels as soon as they walk into a room. I remember feeling it with Chaplin and with Picasso.

Films are shot in a slow and fragmentary way. It must be impossible for the director to keep the concentration and state of tension that is necessary for any other creative work.

Boulting: He does feel a certain tension, though, all the time he is working on a film. I notice it from when I begin working on a script right to the end, sometimes as long as 15 months. During the whole of that time I try not to get too mentally involved in anything else. I think about the film nearly all the time and am intolerable to live with. If my wife asks me a question I often don't hear her. The relief when the whole thing is finished and out of the way is tremendous, and I always think it must be rather like pregnancy. It's glorious when it's all over.

PREVIOUS PERSONALITIES interviewed in this series by Monica Furlong include Lord Altringham (February 25), Bernard Miles (March 4), John Betjeman (April 1), Joseph Grimond (April 29), the Dean of St. Paul's, the Very Rev. W.R. Matthews (May 13) and Edward Rayne (June 10). Copies can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., The Tatler & Bystander, Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2.



Kublin

interviews

ROY

BOULTING

OF THE BOULTING TWINS,
MASTERS OF FILM SATIRE

MONICA FURLONG reports: I met Roy Boulting, who with his twin brother John constitutes the Boulting Brothers film team, in his office in Soho—a room hung with prints of 19th-century pugilists and paintings of cricketers.

Boulting: I'm rather keen on boxing. And even more on cricket. Both John and I feel passionately about cricket.

Have you ever thought of making a satirical film about it?

Boulting: Good heavens, no. One can't be funny about cricket. It's a sacred subject.

Don't sacred subjects make the best material for satire?



SEAWAYSIDE CANADA

Tomorrow the Queen and Prince Philip, photographed for the occasion at Windsor Castle with the Prince of Wales and Princess Anne, set off for the official opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. The region they will visit is expected to expand in importance—and not least as a travel centre, now that the Comet service brings it within 11 hours' flight of Europe



Far below Montreal's Mount Royal, where *caleches* ply for the tourist trade, the broad St. Lawrence carries ships of all nations into the new Seaway

ON OTHER PAGES

OVERLEAF: Classified guide to and map of the Seawayside's attractions

PAGE 638: Photographic portrait of the picturesque Thousand Islands

PAGE 632: News portrait of the Diefenbakers, the Queen's hosts

**SEAWAYSIDE
CANADA** *continued*

A 350-word digest

Seawayside Canada is a rich and rugged sportsman's paradise. It is a vast area by European standards, but in Canada—as elsewhere in North America—nobody thinks anything of a 200-mile drive. The highways are broad and fast, and so are the cars.

Within a day's drive of Montreal are the magnificent natural parks of Verendrye, Mont Tremblant and Laurentide. Small lakes and streams which intersperse them are too numerous to chronicle. In quite a lot of these, you may well pick up some free trout fishing. Salmon tends to be more the tycoons' preserve, but most of the inns and hotels have rights available to their guests for either. Hunting in North America is a generic term covering shooting and hunting of all kinds, from partridge to moose and deer. The rights, the formalities and the seasons vary from one district to another—and indeed from one year to another. Dates are governed by the weather and the availability of game, and are announced in the newspapers. The best plan is to ask the advice of any dealer in fishing tackle, or of the Department of Game & Fisheries in Parliament Buildings, Quebec City. For information about the big variety of luxury hotels and mountain lodges, write to the Provincial Tourist Branch, 710 Grande Allée Est, Quebec City.

What about evenings out in town? Recommended restaurants in Montreal are: The Ritz (which also has a basement night club); the Queen Elizabeth (a variety of grills, a restaurant with late floor show, and a rooftop cocktail bar and causerie with a glass-walled view of the city); Ruby Foos for fun—it's just outside the city; Chez Pierre, an excellent French bistro; Café Martin, expensive and elegant, good food; Desjardins for sea food; Au Petit Robinson, on the Ile Bizard; La Tour Eiffel; and the Blue Angel Café for unpretentious but good food. In Quebec, too, there are many good French restaurants, including the Kerhulu and the Georges V. Incidentally, Montreal has a Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, where lively French-Canadian plays can be seen. The city also has innumerable night-clubs.

Sun, snow & sport

Moose on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. *Top, left:* Winter in the Laurentians: skiers on the slopes of Mont Tremblant. *Centre, left:* Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite. *Opposite, top:* The seaway & the river

At-a-glance g



WHAT	Fishing (salmon and trout)
WHERE	Salmon: Gaspé peninsula Trout: Monte Bello (La Verendrye Park), St. Jovite (Laurentian Park), Ste. Adèle
WHEN	Salmon: 5 June to 31 August Trout: Mid-May to mid-October (variable)
HOW FAR (from Montreal)	Gaspé peninsula: 200 miles Monte Bello: 76 St. Jovite: 80 Ste. Adèle: 60
DON'T FORGET	You'll need a licence: Salmon: \$5.25 for three days \$15.50 the season Trout: \$5.25 the season Also: guides and canoes
HOTELS	Seignory Club, Monte Bello Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite Sun Valley Hotel, Ste. Adèle

Guide to where to go and what to see



Winter Sports	Sailing	Hunting and Shooting	Tourism
Western Quebec. Resorts: Ste. Adèle Ste. Agathe St. Jovite Mont Tremblant	Lake St. Louis Lac des Loups, Mont-Laurier	Moose: Northern Laurentians; Val d'Or; La Tuque Duck: Lake St. Peter, Ile d'Orléans (eastern end) Partridge: St. Jovite, Mont Tremblant General: St. Donat de Montcalm	Historic walled Quebec, built on an outsize rock, and still full of narrow 18th-century French streets.
Christmas January February March (variable)	Summer (June to September)	Moose: Autumn Duck: Mid-September to mid- November (variable) Partridge: Mid-September to end of October	Ile d'Orléans (180 miles), for 17th-century French mission- ary churches and villages.
Between 60 and 100 miles	Lake St. Louis: 40 miles Lac des Loups: 220	Northern Laurentians: 200 miles Lake St. Peter: 86 Ile d'Orléans: 180 St. Jovite: 80 Mont Tremblant: 100 St. Donat: 100	St. Helen's Island in St. Lawrence, headquarters and fortress of General Wolfe during British conquest.
No need to hump skis across the Atlantic. At many resorts there are sports shops that hire out equipment	For information on chartering a yacht consult: Quebec Yacht Club, Anse du Foulon, Quebec City	You'll need a licence Moose: \$202 to shoot fur-bearing animals (covers bear-trapping), also a firearm permit (from local police station) Duck: General game licence \$101 and firearm permit (as above)	Drive along north shore of Lake Ontario towards Toronto for magnificent scenery, including sight of the seaway.
The Chanticler, Ste. Adèle Gray Rocks Inn, St. Jovite Laurentide Inn, Ste. Agathe Manoir Pintoneau, Mont Tremblant	O'Connell Lodge, Lac des Loups Mont Tremblant Lodge	Gray Rocks Inn Jasper in Quebec, at St. Donat de Montcalm	The Thousand Islands (see next page).
			Cruises in Gulf of St. Lawrence lasting 5½ days and a week, leave Montreal weekly in sum- mer (prices: about \$150).

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

There may not be exactly a thousand, but there are so many that it looks like it—and the effect is as pretty as the name. Tourists flock to see it, millionaires to hole up in their summer island hideaways

DESCRIBED AND PHOTOGRAPHED
BY STEPHANIE COLASANTI

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS ARE SCATTERED ALONG a broad 50-mile stretch of the St. Lawrence, where the river widens at the entrance to Lake Ontario. The islands are so profuse that the effect is rather of a maze of waterways. The Indians used to call the district Monatoana, "garden of the Great Spirit," and its rugged beauty has lost none of its appeal. Indeed 13 of the islands are set aside by both the Canadian and United States governments (the river is the frontier at this point) as national parks. Inevitably it is a popular holiday area and tourists come to cruise among the delightful scenery, sailing from Gananoque on two-and-a-half-hour trips along narrow channels with such fascinating names as Fiddler's Elbow, Needle's Eye and Smuggler's Cove.

But many of the islands are private and among the trees can be seen the summer homes

continued on page 640



Shopping by speedboat for Margalo Grant, who summers with her parents on their island and winters in Florida



The general store run by 81-year-old Mr. Mooney provisions all the islands and provides a community meeting-place



One-time Member of the United States House of Representatives, Mr. Joseph Himes owns one of the most luxurious island homes, a 12-bedroom affair with verandah all round and a chapel. Here he and his wife wave to passing islanders



The river, the islands and, in the distance, the Thousand Islands Bridge, which links Canada and the U.S.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

continued

of their Canadian and American owners, about half of whom are millionaires. For holidays or weekends the islands are, of course, easy to reach by transatlantic standards—the district is only 100 miles from Toronto, 80 from Ottawa, 150 from Montreal, and 340 from Boston in the U.S. A fast drive by car and a fast ride by speedboat and you're there. The boat, of course, is a necessity and all the island homes have a boathouse, usually with several fast boats inside. Even shopping is done by boat and the landing stage of the general store at Ivy Lea, the main village on the Canadian side, is a meeting place for everyone. Eighty-one year old Albert E. Mooney, the store-owner, sells everything from greens to gasoline. Mail, too, is delivered by boat, and the part-time postman, 54-year-old Keith la Sha (a commercial artist in wintertime), does a 30-mile round (with about 40 stops) every day. The islands seem to be a healthy place to live—Mr. la Sha's father worked as postman there until he was 83.

On one of the islands is the Thousand Islands Club. This is the only hotel where visitors can stay, and it has a landing-strip for private aircraft. The prices are in keeping—anything from \$36 to \$52 a night. Up to 160 people can be accommodated and there is a golf course as well as the inevitable swimming pool. The club plays a part in the social life of the islands and residents arrive by boat for its dances. But the club, like the islands, has a short season—from June to the end of September. During the cold Canadian winter the boats are laid up, the houses are locked, and the islands deserted.



Early morning, and postman Keith la Sha loads in his boathouse. Besides delivering the mail he often takes out provisions, such as this soft-drink crate, on his 30-mile round. His father was the postman before him



Oldest inhabited island is Wallace Island, belonging to Miss M. Mitchell, a writer and book critic aged 70. The house, over 100 years old, was originally lived in by her grandfather, who was lighthouse-keeper, fishery inspector and guardian of the islands



The swimming pool of the 1,000 Islands Club, social centre and only hotel on the islands. Visitors can arrive by private airplane—the club has its own landing strip



"Dog," one of the bronzes

ELISABETH FRINK, WHOSE WORK IS NOW showing at the Waddington Galleries in Cork Street, has been one of the most promising young British artists since she first exhibited at the age of 20 in 1951. It is a handicap in many ways to be "discovered" early, and a piece from her first show was bought by the Tate Gallery when she had only just completed her student days at the Chelsea School of Art. Fortunately, Elisabeth Frink is the sort of person who, though realizing the value of publicity, does not let it affect her singleness of purpose. She is a true artist, driven on by a compelling force. Her hands must express what is in her. Until now she has done most of her work in plaster; this means quick instinctive judgement because it sets so fast.

In her present show (in Cork Street), the result of four years' work, practically everything on view has been cast in bronze—an expensive process. The prices range from about £40 to £400 and the editions of each work run from three to ten—which should cover the requirements of her exhibition in New York in November. Her London gallery displays her work well. There is a greater maturity in some of it. In the past her tremendous strength and masculinity have always been astounding; now there is the beginning of a more human quality which gives greater harmony and delicacy of form. She has an innate understanding of wild animals and is able to capture their combination of grace and force. The "Wild Boar" commissioned by Harlow New Town is probably the finest piece of sculpture in the show and one of the best things she has ever done. Her range and development would benefit, I think, from more concentration on the human form. Two aspects of the show disappointed me—the lack of portrait heads—and she is a good portraitist—and the transitory quality of her drawings.

Miss Frink will be 29 at the time her New York show opens in November and she passes inevitably from a phase of promise to a phase of fulfilment. If she goes on developing and adds humanity and depth of feeling to the obvious strength of her talent, she will become a great sculptress—and she is already one of the best in the country.

Mr. William Scott (he represented England at the 1958 Venice Biennale), with fellow artist Mr. George Hooper

SCULPTURE BY ELISABETH FRINK



An exhibition of her work, discussed here by David Wolfers, has opened at the Waddington Galleries



Mme. Yvonne Jammet, a leader of the French colony in Dublin. She paints, and sculpts in wood



Lady Epstein, wife of Sir Jacob Epstein



Above: Mrs. M. Wolchover and her sister-in-law Mrs. L. Wolchover, bought the drawing "Dog"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN

Epstein's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Wynne Godley, examining "Bird Man"



These fashions are on your side

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE

Today's designs ensure that the expectant mother can still lead a full social life. Eight new ways with bright colours, clean-cut

lines, are shown on the following pages

At-home clothes lead an active life



Above: Taking prettily to Saturday morning shopping with a small son, a cotton suit crisply striped in pink and white. By Du Barry. Price: 6 gns. At Dickins & Jones; Harveys, Harrogate. Or direct from Du Barry, 68 Duke Street, W.1. Gloves by Pullman
Left: For gardening or plain sitting in the sun, adjustable pants and a sleeveless top cut generously. Cotton jeans are tied at knee level and striped in orange, black and white. The plain orange linen top is becomingly long. Jeans, 45s. Top, 49s. 6d. From Maternally Yours, 24 New Cavendish Street, W.1
Opposite page: At home with the children and a pile of records, a dress in minute brown and white check tweed with a curving, collared yoke and giant pockets. By Rose Sinclair, 9½ gns., at Harrods; Kendal Milne, Manchester



A cotton top and skirt is a cool answer to shopping for plants on a hot day. The navy blue and white striped cotton top has a triangular buttoned yoke, short sleeves and a deep pleat in front. Teamed with a straight length of navy cotton skirt. Together they cost 75s. By Modern Mother, at Dickins & Jones; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Dumas, Edinburgh. All the clothes on these two pages were photographed at Rassell's, Earls Court Road, W.8

Browsing among the garden urns, an accommodating linen dress. Its charm lies in the colour, pale blue with an icing of toning chiffon in the trim around the deep neck and pockets. Short sleeved and free falling, it costs 10½ gns. From Maternally Yours, 24 New Cavendish Street, W.1



For the shopping round



Navy blue is contrasted with double lines of white polka dots in a dress of casual good looks with a lengthy tie knotted loosely under a wideaway collar. Short sleeved and flaring from a narrow rounded yoke, it costs 6 gns. By Du Barry at Selfridges; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds

Easy to wear at the day's end



Above: A summer's evening entertaining finds the perfect companion, a cotton suit blossoming in gold and grey. The banded top is full and easy looking over a narrow skirt. Points for the sophisticate: A smooth coiffure, a shimmer of crystals and an elegantly long cigarette holder. By Du Barry, 6 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove. All Du Barry clothes can be ordered by post or obtained direct from them at 68 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square.

Opposite: A touch of *chinoiserie* in this exotic brocade jacket and slim-legged slacks in turquoise and gold. The jacket is long and mandarin necked, the trousers make the most of long legs with their narrow cut and wide turn-ups. Around 25½ gns., to order from Woollands





Champagne silk chiffon drifts on the evening scene in a dress of pale elegance (*left*), draped outwards and downwards from a curving bodice embroidered in a frond-like design in gold thread, pearls and crystals, 35 gns. Sparkling accessories: Gold-plated amulets, 2 gns. apiece, and a rhinestone bracelet, 2 gns. The ear-rings (*detail below*) are a triple fall of glittering rhinestones, £3 10s. **Beige guipure lace**, glistening with silvery threads, makes a carefully considered entry (*right*) in a strapless short evening dress. Mounted on Vilene stiffened cream satin, the bodice gives way to a gently widening skirt. Beige chiffon swathes the bodice and falls into drifting panels at the back. 40 gns. Flowery ear-rings cost 2½ gns., the wide bracelet 6½ gns., both in rhinestone. The necklace, also in rhinestone, is hung with pearls, 4½ gns. Both dresses by Roter at Dickins & Jones. All jewellery from Paris House. **Location:** The recently renovated Chiswick House and the grounds. By permission of the Borough of Brentford & Chiswick and the Ministry of Works

Evening elegance in the classic manner

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ALEXANDER







A narrow street
in Corfu



PASSPORT

Corfu: tomorrow's hideaway

by DOONE BEAL

FLying over Corfu, the northernmost island off the Greek mainland, the pale Ionian sea is so still that every tree and every building on its rocky coastline is reflected, minutely, in the water. The first direct impression is a mixture of the formal, satin calm of Italian lake landscape, with heavy overtones of Provence.

Corfu is a changeling child of Greece, having been seasoned by Norman, Genoese, Venetian, French and finally British occupation until, in 1864, it reverted to its origins. Many Athenians still think of it as foreign, and not surprisingly: its profligate greenness has nothing in common with the grand, arid beauty of the mainland. Nor, compared with the rest of Greece, is there anything to see—archaeologically speaking. Instead, it is a landscape of knee-high grasses, with olive, pine, cactus, and laburnum: and cypresses which make a series of sombre exclamation marks over the yolk-yellow carpets of daisies. It is sensual with orange and lemon blossom, nicotina, honeysuckle, gardenia and roses, sparked by glow-worms at night, and humming with bees by day. "Gorgeous" might be, for once, the word to describe it.

And what to do when you get there? Wallow in it. Corfu is widely tipped as the hideaway for tomorrow's sophisticates. As it stands, it is for people who appreciate the undeveloped: where you can have most of a mile long beach to yourself; where you travel picturesque but punishing roads (quite unfit, mercifully, for coach traffic), doubling obliquely between the olive terraces;

where, in the mountains, you come upon a peasant woman, surrounded by her sheep, spinning a white cocoon of wool; where, from high up through a nest of pinewoods, an ultramarine sea and small virgin beaches gleam, hundreds of feet below.

At Lakones, a peak on the west coast of the island, is a whitewashed, vine-terraced monastery. In the chapel is one Byzantine Madonna so lovely that she, alone, is worth the visit—as, indeed, is the view.

Another beauty spot in this spectacularly beautiful island is Kanoni (only a few minutes' drive from the town), with a cliff-top tourist pavilion overlooking the bay and the cedar shrouded monastery of Mouse Island. In the Avra restaurant at Perama, the other side of the bay, you can dine on an olive-shaded terrace. The octopus and grey mullet, *fraises du bois* and the local Kapsokavadi wine, are poetic indeed. And at Pipilas, a few miles to the north of the town, is a totally undecorated café where I enjoyed some of the best food I found in the whole of Greece. It bears out a judgment which I venture to make after a mere three weeks' travelling in the country, and that is that café, taverna and small-restaurant food is cheaper and far better than the fare provided in the hotels and the tourist pavilions, where an attempt is made at international cooking. Greek food, pure and simple, can be very, very good.

Of the superb beaches, notably Barbatia on the east coast, and Glyfada, on the south-west, most are accessible by car. There are

no facilities, so take a rug and a picnic and spend the day there. Corfu's main "resort" as such is Paleokastritsa, which consists solely of two hotels and a fisherman's café, secreted in a clover-shaped bay. You wade out to a rockside cage and pick your own langouste, alive and thrashing, for dinner. The swimming, both in Paleokastritsa and its adjacent bays, is excellent. I found in Corfu, as elsewhere in Greece, that although the sand was sometimes coarse and stony, the actual water was as calm and crystalline as any I have ever known.

The actual town of Corfu has a certain *fin-de-siècle* charm. Horse-drawn cabs still bowl round the streets, and the Venetian colonnade of cafés (some of which might have been lifted bodily from St. Mark's) bears the name of Liston. This is a translation of "list," and a legacy from the days when you had to be on the social register in order to be allowed to sit there. At the back of the colonnade is a warren of streets festooned with washing, a muddled commotion of buildings in positively Victorian contrast with the Sunday-best apron of its famous esplanade. The old harbour has the appeal which no old harbour can fail to have, and it is pleasant indeed to drift away the latter part of the evening sipping brandy at 6d. a glass at one of its many cafés. Phinica behind the Corfu Palace Hotel, is an outdoor restaurant with good food and late dancing—but Corfu's night life is not, so far, the reason to go there.

The island has been, over the years, the seat of some prosperous living—as some very magnificent old estates still testify. One of these, Mimbelli Castle, is in process of conversion into a first-class hotel, due to open this month. In the town, Corfu Palace and Astir (luxury and first class respectively), cost between £2 and £2 15s. a day, for a double room with bath, demi-pension. The tourist hotel in Paleokastritsa is neither more nor less than primitive, but costs only about 25s. a day, its neighbour the Zephiros slightly less.

You will gather, and rightly, that I go overboard for Corfu. By next year, more hotels will be built. But if your plans are, as yet, unlaid for any period between now and the end of September 1959, I urge you to waste no time.

Olympic Airways and B.E.A. fly direct to Athens (£100 16s. return), the onward trip to Corfu another £7 15s. return.

At some inconvenience, however, it is possible to make a substantial saving: take B.E.A.'s mid-week night flight to Rome, then Alitalia to Brindisi, and Olympic Airways Brindisi/Corfu at a total of only £60 2s. return—not allowing, of course, for hotel stop-overs in Rome or Brindisi or both (and not forgetting that the night-flight is 23-day return). Taking the more convenient day flight to Rome (both Olympic and B.E.A.), you can still manage it for £76 12s. and indeed take in Athens as well for approximately £20 less than the direct London-Athens fare.



THE PLAY:
Marigold (Savoy)

Seen above is the heroine (Sally Smith), carrying her Paris dress, setting out from her god-fearing home for the forbidden delights of Edinburgh

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

Theatre

Putting the manse in romance

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

HIGH BROWS HAVE WRINKLED WITH SUPERCILIOUS surprise at the quite rapturous reception of Mr. Alan Melville's musical version of *Marigold* at the Savoy. But there is really nothing to be surprised at. This gentle rapture is one that every generation, however cynical it esteems itself, seems always able to recapture. Why, after all, should we feel apologetic for falling once more for simple charm that is demurely sure of itself and is saved from insipidity by an effective dash of military and historical romance?

Marigold is the Scottish variety of the type invented by Barrie in *Quality Street* with a backward look at *Cranford* and *Pride and Prejudice*. That is to say, all the ringleted and crinolined matrons and young girls are daughters of the manse, and whatever happens in the least untoward to thrill their senses, the sudden arrival of a play actress, say, they do not forget to be solemnly thankful that the "meenister is awa' in Peebles." This is the romance of the manse. It is smoothly described anew, and the wickedly witty author of *Sweet and Low* keeps a dead-pan pen under rigid restraint. His decorous lyrics are set by Mr. Charles Zwar to music which several critics have agreed to call "forgettable," but which is at any rate extremely pleasant to hear.

The story that flows out of these homely surroundings is so simple that it can hardly be said to exist. Marigold gives auntie the slip and quits the manse for an eightsome reel with the dashing Captain Forsyth in Edinburgh Castle on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit in 1842. Honour and the proprieties are luckily preserved and Marigold, who has rashly given her hand to a sanctimonious elder, is free to bestow it on Mr. Forsyth; and to crown her happiness in the courtyard of the castle the Queen and the Prince Consort are seen coming their way—just as the curtain falls.

The glorious climax to Victorian romance was the theatrical device which helped to give the original play its success in the 'twenties. It has been imitated freely since and has lost its force as a *coup de théâtre*, but luckily this is of no consequence. The climax of the musical version turns out to be rather oddly an eightsome reel danced by Highland officers on Edinburgh Castle guard and the ladies of the manse. With kilts and ringlets flying the dancers win a deafening ovation, and if they had not been too breathless to go on, the first night audience certainly would have had them dancing still.

I can only explain the extraordinary success of this number by supposing that it is rare to see an eightsome reel danced without some confusion, and that when the dancers are competent the dance creates an excitement in the spectators that is hardly bearable. The audience at the Savoy would have liked to join in. Their heartless demand for an encore was inspired, I think, by the hope that if the reel went on indefinitely it would somehow spread to the auditorium and then everybody would be happy.

*continued
overleaf*

VERDICTS:
continued

RECORDS:

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles has been indisposed. He will resume his record reviews shortly

But the story, though so apparently simple, is prettily and smoothly told in scenes bright with romantic colour. Marigold's betrothal to the self-centred elder is a scene that smiles agreeably at formal courtship. The arrival of the girl's long-lost mother, now a famous actress with Paris and the wicked world at her feet, is nicely timed to follow her daughter's mistaken sacrifice to Scottish proprieties. She leads the sewing ladies in a spirited version of the new Bohemian polka and is almost as successful with it as the younger generation are later to be in the eightsome reel. There comes temptation to the heroine in the form of an invitation to the castle borne by the handsome captain. Once there she shares in the military high jinks and having no chaperon is a dreadful embarrassment to the gallant captain who hopes to marry her until sensible auntie comes to save the situation. Unless we are bored to death with the whole thing we are never really conscious of the slightness of the story.

Whichever extreme happens to be yours, you are bound to admit that all concerned do their job remarkably well. Miss Sally Smith, a minute peke-faced actress, is perfectly cast as Marigold. She mixes innocence and venturesomeness, rustic energy and ballroom charm in just the right measures and is a most appealing figure. Miss Jean Kent relieves the rich magnificence of the actress-mother with the right kind of graciousness, and Miss Sophie Stewart, the play's original heroine, is now its winsome auntie. Mr. Jeremy Brett is a satisfactory lover who yet has to learn the nice conduct of a great bearskin.

Cinema

It doesn't add up to terror

BY ELSPETH GRANT

THE FILMS:

The Diary of Anne Frank
Millie Perkins

Joseph Schildkraut
Shelley Winters
Ed Wynn
dr. George Stevens

Middle of the night
Fredric March
Kim Novak
Glenda Farrell
dr. Delbert Mann

Lonelyhearts
Montgomery Clift
Robert Ryan
Myrna Loy
Dolores Hart
dr. Vincent J.
Donehue

FOR OVER TWO YEARS TWO JEWISH FAMILIES, SEVEN persons in all, lived in close confinement in the attics above an Amsterdam warehouse: Holland was in German hands, Jews were daily being snatched from their homes and dispatched to concentration or extermination camps, but there were still decent Dutch people who would risk their own lives by giving refuge to the persecuted. Two such people were protecting these seven and constituted their only link with the outside world, for from July 1942 to August 1944 none of them set foot outside their cramped quarters.

By day they kept complete silence, creeping about without shoes, never speaking, scarcely daring to breathe lest they betray their presence to the workmen in the rooms below. At night, when the warehouse was deserted, they could relax and resume some kind

of human existence. Their story was told in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*—a true and intensely moving document written between the ages of 13 and 15 by one of the seven, a lively, observant and intelligent little girl who eventually died in a concentration camp.

The tragedy of Mr. George Stevens's film is that, though it handles its subject reverently, it deprives an authentic drama of every semblance of reality, and the characters remain singularly unmarked by their fantastic and horrifying experience.

It has its moments of terror—as when a thief one night breaks into the rooms below, and touches of genuine pathos—the giving of presents at the Hanukkah festival: but in the main it lacks conviction—and a sad confusion of accents doesn't help. Miss Millie Perkins, who plays Anne Frank, is pretty and appealing but could never be taken for a European (or, I feel, a Jewess). Mr. Joseph Schildkraut gives an admirable performance as Anne's patient and gentle father and Miss Shelley Winters is effectively Yiddish as the once rich and spoiled Mrs. Van Daan: Mr. Ed Wynn plays a pathetic old bachelor as though he were meant to represent comic relief, which he surely cannot have been. There are other mistakes: the greatest, it seems to me, was to try to make an American film of a story that could only have happened in Europe.

Once more, in *Middle Of The Night*, it is brought home to one that in the United States men of 50 and over might just as well be dead. They are regarded as has-beens. They even seem to accept that view themselves and go around eating their hearts out and worrying themselves decrepit over their lost youth and what's to become of them. Mr. Paddy Chayefsky, a keen observer of the human comedy and a brilliant writer of entirely credible dialogue, makes one feel really sorry for them in this picture which, incidentally, is based on his successful Broadway play.

Mr. Fredric March, a well-to-do widower in those fatal fifties, falls in love with Miss Kim Novak—an attractive 24-year-old who has been divorced from a no-good musician and works as secretary and model at his garment factory. His sister (Miss Edith Meiser), who keeps house for him, is seriously disturbed at this attachment—and when he announces that he intends to marry the girl, hesitates not a moment to tell him he must be out of his mind and no good will come of it. His daughter is obviously of the same opinion.

Miss Novak, meantime, is having her share of irritations. Girl friends ask if she really thinks it wise to take a husband twice her age, and her mother denounces Mr. March to the neighbours as a dirty old man. Under the strain of all the interference and cackle, it is small wonder that both of them grow a little frayed about the nerves: Mr. March falls a victim to gloom and jealousy and snarls at Miss Novak who, truly loving him, is wounded and perplexed. It takes the intrusion (and an ugly one) of her heel of a husband to resolve their problems.

Mr. March, looking haggard and tormented, gives the sort of performance you would naturally expect from this fine actor. Miss Novak's performance, on the other hand, is entirely unexpected—it is so outstandingly good.

Mr. Montgomery Clift, a dab hand at suffering and soul-searching, does a deal of both in *Lonelyhearts*. An aspiring journalist, he is condemned by his ferociously cynical editor, Mr. Robert Ryan, to conduct a column dealing with the readers' personal troubles and giving advice. Mr. Clift is a compassionate soul and the troubles of the "Lonelyhearts" weigh heavily upon him. He pities these people who have nothing but a newspaper to turn to in their distress. Mr. Ryan doesn't pity them—he regards them as a lot of fakes. Which has the right attitude?

The film is as well-meaning as Mr. Clift, and worth seeing for the excellent acting of the two male principals, also Miss Myrna Loy as Mr. Ryan's unhappy wife and Miss Dolores Hart as Mr. Clift's devoted girlfriend.



Millie Perkins and Diane Baker as Anne Frank and her sister in *The Diary Of Anne Frank*

Books

How did that
mermaid get in?

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

THIS IS AUTOBIOGRAPHY WEEK FOR ME, AND FICTION-addicts can relax and skip to the next page. *The Light Of Common Day*, volume two of Lady Diana Cooper's memoirs, has a stunning picture of the author looking suitably miraculous on the jacket, in her leading role in *The Miracle*. This theatrical venture indeed occupies not a few of the earlier chapters, and I should have liked to have heard something about what form and plot this strange and famous entertainment possessed (Lady Diana is inclined to reckon we all know).

I was a great admirer of the first volume, *The Rainbow Comes And Goes*, which contained fascinating material on the author's childhood and early youth and was written in an idiosyncratic style like sugar almonds, crisp and sweet and an intriguing combination of flavours. *The Light Of Common Day* seems to me fluffier and more like pink marshmallows. The narrative scoots along, taking in Duff Cooper's career, the Nahlin cruise, love and friendship and here and there a death, the birth of a son, the imminence of war, and any amount of cheerful gossip and letters whose charm seems now a little dusty.

Of the great and famous (and sometimes notorious) people Lady Diana met and knew, one learns little. The style is that of the first book only more so, butterfly thoughts and sensitive feelings all fluttering about together. She goes to see Olivier and Vivien Leigh in *Hamlet* at Elsinore, and writes "It was here that the beautiful pair plighted their troth, and it was on leaving for England that we bought the naked mermaid carved in wood by Thorwaldsen's father." No, one thinks, slightly stunned, *really*? If you aren't agile and practised at following this sort of thing, the train of Lady Diana's thought flashes by you like a swallow in summer, busy and delightful but slightly twittery as well. I think this is a pity, for she has a sharp eye and mind, too good for one to be content with a sort of top-skim of triviality, however pretty and amusing.

The book is richly illustrated, often with ravishing pictures of the author in a variety of hats, and one called "Canvassing," which shows her, smooth and fur-coated to the ankle, sweetly pleading Duff Cooper's cause to a working woman whose life has clearly been no picnic, treasure-hunt or fancy-dress party. I am not quite sure in what tone of voice this picture was selected for the book, nor am I convinced it was a sensible choice.

A Silver-Plated Spoon is another volume of aristocratic memoirs with a very different edge to it this

time by the Duke of Bedford. Some feel that His Grace has gravely let down the entire profession of duking by introducing into it a small jolly note of the three-ring circus, but I find him an excellent fellow, hard-working, thorough and practical and completely sane, which seems like something of a miracle considering the appalling family skeletons which he shooes, rattling horribly, out of the noble Russell cupboards.

It is in some ways a painful book, in spite of its determined cheerfulness and clip-clop no-nonsense style. His life as a child was grim, desolate and friendless, and the book's most distressing chapters are those which tell, with a resentment and bitterness which is clearly still a green wound, of the author's agonizing relationship with his father, that "very odd character indeed" who used to plan experimental meals of toadstools and puff balls, deer's ears, bison steaks and sparrows, and disapproved most coldly and absolutely of his son.

Their struggle mutters and rages savagely through the book with unnerving frankness and total lack of forgiveness, and one of the most heart-chilling sentences I have read for months is the bleak, unhappy statement the author makes about his father: "About the only thing we have in common is that he broke with his father at the age of twenty-six and I broke with him when I was twenty-two."

Add to this a tragic first marriage, and it is with a feeling of tremendous relief and something like amazement that one reaches the happy ending, with the 13th duke organizing his big joint family and springcleaning Woburn (he washed up the Louis XV Sèvres himself, hurray), and planning how to save his inheritance with service-with-a-smile. I found this an honest, alarming and revealing book, and after reading it I will vote for the Duke any day of the week.

Parts of it are also extremely funny in a black sort of way, and I shall long remember the ferociously eccentric aristocrats of the Duke's youth; among them the nuttiest, Lord Tredegar, who had altars all over the house and kangaroos in the park, and whose mother thought she was a bird, made nests and attempted to hatch eggs. Foreigners in search of a key to the unfathomable dark mystery that is England should study this book closely and tremble.

Lastly, an autobiography by an aristocrat of the intelligentsia, Simone de Beauvoir's *Memoirs Of A Dutiful Daughter*. The author, friend and disciple of Sartre, prize-winning novelist (*The Mandarins*), and thinker, is a formidable lady and this is a pretty formidable book. I most enjoyed the earliest, sharp-eyed chapters about her astonishingly self-aware early childhood. Later on, the passionate friendships, the stern road to higher education, and the endless, almost entranced self-analysis begin to oppress with a feeling of enormous seriousness and intensity.

At the Sorbonne, a friend says to her "Fundamentally I am much more intellectual than you are: yet at heart, I find within myself the same sensibility as yours, though I wouldn't accept it," which is the sort of thing that fills me with awe and despondency. On the front of the jacket there is a picture of the darling little ringleted Simone, preparing to be a beautiful intellectual lady. On the back there is a photograph of the keen-eyed, powerful writer of today, all ringlets gone, inexplicably involved with four hands and two swords.



Alan Vines

South African Dan Jacobson, who now lives in Hampstead, has received the John Llewellyn Rhys Prize (for the best book of the year by a writer under 30) for his collection of short stories *A Long Way From London*, published last October by Weidenfeld & Nicolson

THE BOOKS:

The light of common day
by Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.)

A silver-plated spoon
by the Duke of Bedford (Cassell, 21s.)

Memoirs of a dutiful daughter
by Simone de Beauvoir (André Deutsch, and Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 30s.)



Irish-born Baroness de Stoeckl, affectionately known to the Royal Family as "Auntie Ag," has just finished her fifth book (on Napoleon's second wife Marie Louise). The Baroness, who is 85, started writing only seven years ago. She lives at Coppins Cottage, on the Iver, Bucks, estate of the Duchess of Kent

Two Ascot styles from Dumas with dimensional cutting. La Faune (left) has a gamine look. Windblown is casual yet sophisticated

BEAUTY

All day sparkle for Ascot

by JEAN CLELAND

SPARKLING sunshine, sparkling champagne, and sparkling looks. The three go together, and are all part of the Ascot scene.

Leading hairdressers and beauty salons have been overflowing with clients intent on looking their best for this gayest of all social meetings. What kind of hair styles and what sort of treatments have they been doing? And what do they advise for keeping the looks radiant until the end of the week? This is what I went along to find out.

One of the chief problems on occasions of this kind is how to have the hair looking attractive under a hat during the day, and charming and immaculate for the evening.

This is something to which hair stylist Dumas has paid special attention. "Every year," he said, "I go to Ascot. This is an occasion that epitomizes elegance and beauty. Yet, so often, I find that, in a wonderful setting, my pleasure is spoilt by unsuitable and unattractive hair styles worn by some of the ladies. Elegance is largely a matter of paying attention to every detail. It is distressing, therefore, to see a woman beautifully clothed and groomed, with her hair unimaginatively dressed."

This year, Dumas decided to concentrate on making people realize the importance of special hair styling for outdoor-cum-social events. With this in mind, he and his staff planned hair styles which would combine outdoor elegance with practicability. Styles that, graceful and appropriate on the course, could be adapted for cocktails or dinner.

I asked Dumas if he could create some styles to illustrate this idea. The results can be seen on this page. As far as Dumas is concerned, the floppy look is finished. To replace it he has introduced styles that are short, chic, and suitable for all occasions. An outstanding merit is that they are highly adaptable.

The styles all need only the lightest brushing to restore them to perfection. Even when worn under a hat for a whole day, the hair regains its freshness with the minimum of time and trouble.

Beauty salons advise paying particular attention to two things during Ascot week. First the eyes; second, end of the day treatment for banishing fatigue.

Peering through field glasses and looking into the sun tends to strain the

eyes and give the face a tired look. Unless something is done to banish this, it can put a blight on the evening.

When you come in at the end of the day, cleanse gently round the eyes, then give them an eye-bath with a good eye lotion. Pour a little of the lotion into a shallow dish, and drop in a cube of ice. Wring out two pads of cotton wool in cold water, then soak in the cold lotion and place over the closed lids. Cover with a dark scarf or silk square to exclude all light, and lie back for ten minutes or longer if possible. Before making-up give the eyes a few special eye drops to brighten them and give them a little added sparkle. If the eyelids, or the area round the eyes inclines to be dry and crêpey, this can be greatly improved by using, night and morning, an anti-wrinkle oil made by Helena Rubinstein.

If the face is looking tired, there is no quicker way of reviving it than by giving it a face masque (or pack), prepared for home use, followed by an application of one of the special preparations for lifting the contours. There are excellent makes by Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein and Yardley. These really do a wonderful job.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN



Above: Pretty style to accompany an Ascot hat.
Top, left: Informal coiffure by Dumas, called La Houpe



A variation on the La Houpe style with and without a hat



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Lampshade in Sudanese cotton tana lawn is obtainable with a matching "boudoir" pillow and graceful nightgown—a bright idea for a bedroom at Liberty's, Regent Street. The shade, covered with misty green-blue tulips on white, is lined throughout and trimmed with a small border of lace. Also in other prints. It is shown here on an alabaster stand, price: 86s. 6d. Lampshades, 49s. 11d. and 56s. 11d., pillow 38s. 6d., full-length nightdress, 3½ gns., 3 gns. (short).

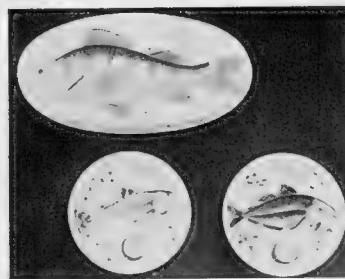
Vidal Sassoon, hairdressing saloon, 171 New Bond Street, also have an original and imaginative boutique. On display is out-of-the-way Rosenthal china giftware, some surprisingly inexpensive summer jewellery and some exclusive jewellery by Jocelyn Kingsley, and bright little clusters of artificial posies for table decoration—one 10 inches high costs 5½ gns. They also have vast stoles in silk organza or satin, designed with bows to tie at the elbow to prevent continual slipping, price: 6 or 8 gns. and they can be made to order. Nylon organza gilets with stiff mushroom frills at the neck, which fit any size and tie at the back, price £2 17s. Stoles and gilets pack into any space and do not crease. Also available, decorated belts, coat hangers and plastic head-covers.

Giant salt and pepper pots come from Briglin Potteries, who recently opened their own showrooms at 22 Crawford Street (off Baker Street), W.1. These pots are in their newest colour, citron yellow. Price

24s. 6d. the pair. All Briglin designs are available at the new showrooms—they include separate "jumbo" cups in different colours, ½ pint and 1 pint mugs with poisons such as "arsenic" written across them, and vases for single or more flowers.



Ariel Sheets by Fogarty's are 100% nylon, can be fitted and come in various colours—their latest is pale lilac. The fitted sheets are sold separately so that you can buy a candy-striped one for a top sheet and a plain one for a bottom sheet. Pillowcases can be bought to match or contrast, with or without a pleated frill. These sheets and pillowcases are the answer to hot weather. They are fresh and crisp-looking, and sheets dry within two hours, needing positively no ironing. Top sheet for a single bed from 69s. 9d., bottom sheet from 59s. 9d. Top sheet for a double bed from 81s. and bottom sheet from 69s. 9d. Fogarty's can do special orders for any sort of size sheets, and their sheets, pillowcases and tablecloths are available at main stores (except for Harrods) throughout the country. Two recent tablecloth designs are by Jacqueline Groag called *Lucerne* and *Marjoram*—both can be bought in various colours. Price: 79s. 6d. including 4 napkins.



Plates and large oval platter, in Italian pottery, form part of a set by Jaffé Rose. Each plate has a different fish in gleaming pastels on white, plus cool-looking slices of lemon and cucumber. Attractive for salads or cold summer fish dishes. The platter costs about 3 gns., set of six plates, about £7. From McDonalds, Glasgow, and to order through Jaffé Rose, 29-30 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

Miniature mid-19th century cup and saucer, from a large collection of Meissen china at Philip & Bernard Dombey's minute shop at 9 Shepherd Market, Mayfair, which specializes in 18th and 19th-century fine porcelain and objets d'arts of every kind. Spattered with tiny life-like insects and gay flowers, the cup and saucer are rimmed with gold and have appliquéd forget-me-nots on the outside. Both have small peg legs for easy cabinet display. Price: £5 10s.



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MOTORING

'Bank holiday' driving in France

Discs keep the score
of killed and injured
on French roads

by GORDON
WILKINS

I WAS PLANNING TO DRIVE FROM PARIS to the Riviera one day last month. I was using a Daimler Majestic and it promised a pleasant day's motoring, but friends in Paris said: "It's Ascension Day. The roads will be jammed with cars all the way. You'll never make it." So I started the evening before, after checking the performance at Montlhéry, and spent the night at Auxerre. By eight next morning the road was already jammed with cars moving slowly southwards bonnet to tail. It was almost as bad as the road to the coast on an English summer Sunday, but these people were trying to travel 600 miles, not 60. French main roads, like our own, are barely the width of one of the twin tracks of a modern motorway and they have only been tolerable up to now because of their much lower traffic density, but this is coming to an end.

With double white lines on hills and a full turn-out of gendarmes lurking to punish the slightest transgression, the whole queue was repeatedly reduced to a bottom gear crawl behind overloaded 2 CV Citroëns and once the line was stopped completely while a truck toiled uphill at walking pace.

Two days later an additional blow was due to fall in the form of a speed limit on 1,280 miles of trunk road at

summer weekends. Last year's limit was 50 m.p.h. but this prevented many French cars getting into their high cruising gear, so this year it is 56. Even this makes it difficult to overtake a truck which is asphyxiating you with black diesel smoke, so trucks are being held down to 43 m.p.h. but there is no restriction on long-distance buses and coaches. It affects main roads radiating from Paris to Soissons, Vitry-le-François, Orléans, Chartres, Lisieux and Rouen. Drivers destined for Spain have a particularly bad time, for the whole stretch from Tours to Angoulême is limited, and from Bordeaux to Hendaye; so is N7 all the way from Montargis to Moulins and N6 from Chagny to Lyons. The authorities claim last year's experiment cut accidents on the speed limited roads by 28 per cent, but the figure is meaningless without information on relative traffic densities. People in a hurry adopt alternative routes or travel mid-week. I abandoned N6 at Tournus for Bourg and the winter Route Des Alpes, via Grenoble, the Col de la Croix Haute and Sisteron, with a longish detour round Château Arnoux to avoid work on a modern bridge which is replacing the old single-track suspension bridge over the Durance.

In their current road safety cam-

paign the French are keeping the score with discs planted at roadside black-spots; one for every person killed and injured last year. On the last five miles of N75 into Grenoble the score seemed to be about four dead and 46 injured, which is rather horrifying for a modern main road. The concentrations of discs showed all too clearly how accidents are caused by people ignoring halt signs or swinging out of filling stations without looking to see what is coming. But not a single sign was placed where the real culprits could see them while in the act. Perhaps the French authorities conclude that the people who do these things will not be influenced by signs or warnings, and they simply string the discs out along the main road. If this really is the reason, the campaign seems to be futile anyway.

The Daimler swept along on the level at 80-90 m.p.h. and rushed up the hills, its automatic transmission changing gear with exceptional smoothness. The disc brakes got smoking hot while rushing down at rally speeds to Castellane, nestling below the little floodlit chapel on the crag, but there was never a suspicion of fade. The finish is luxurious and the trunk holds a lot of luggage, but one would be glad of power-assisted steering in the Alps. The diversion provided an opportunity to lunch at Pérouges, the medieval walled town on a hilltop some 20 miles from Lyons which was used as the setting for the films *The Three Musketeers* and *Monsieur Vincent*. In the 13th-century mansion which is now the Ostellerie du Vieux Pérouges, the menu and the wine list are illuminated manuscripts on vellum, and worthy of the treatment.

Having repaired one long-standing omission, I continued with a visit to another lovely little walled town, the village of Èze, perched on a crag above Cap Ferrat. Here the American violinist Zlatko Balokovic built himself a home between the wars, tactfully blending modern amenities into the medieval setting and here, since 1953, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolff have run it as an hotel with the addition of a restaurant, the Chevre d'Or, which seems to hang in the sky above an incomparable panorama of the Côte d'Azur, serving food worthy of the setting.

The Daimler Majestic at the town gate of Pérouges



DINING IN

The supreme alternatives

by HELEN BURKE

BECAUSE IT IS LESS EXPENSIVE AND a more tender proposition than meat of the same quality, roast chicken is rapidly replacing a joint for dinner parties—among young cooks, at any rate. It is too bewildering to try to roast beef or lamb to varying degrees of "doneness" to suit the different tastes of guests. But chicken, whichever way it is cooked, must be cooked enough.

Roast chicken? A much better idea is to buy two broilers of not less than 2½ lb. each and to make two different dishes of them, each for four. The first is *Suprêmes de Volaille*. Only the breasts are used for this. The legs, each removed in one piece, make a second one. This leaves the carcasses on which there may be a little meat, here and there. This, together with the livers, can be used to stuff the boned legs. There remain the rest of the giblets and the bones for the best of all chicken stock. For eight servings, the cost of the chickens works out at less than 2s. a head, not considering

the chicken soup.

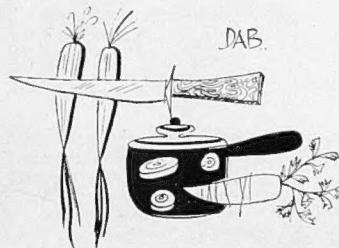
First step is to remove the legs. Place each chicken on its back and cut through the base of the legs close to the body with a sharp knife. Bend back the legs, again close to the body, and the knife will cut through the joints easily.

Next, pull the skin from the chicken breasts (not the legs) and, with the point of the knife, cut out the wish-bones. Cut down each side of the breast-bones, very close to the carcasses and far enough so that the *suprêmes* can be pulled off together with their little fillets intact. Chop off the wing bones half-way between the joint at the breast and the first wing joint and scrape the bones clean. The legs, little fillets from the back of the birds and any little bits of scraped-off meat are put into the refrigerator until another day.

Gently beat out the *suprêmes* with one of those metal bats, wetted so that it does not damage the flesh. Failing a metal bat, use a strong flattish bottle, such as a

flask, and beat them out until they are almost half as large again—and there you have the tenderest *suprêmes* possible, ready to be cooked and served in whatever way you want. They are better fried in butter than poached in liquid, which tends to harden the meat, however careful one may be.

Suprêmes de Volaille Doria are made by seasoning them with pepper and salt and frying them in butter and a little olive oil for about



5 to 6 minutes until they are golden brown on both sides. Surround them with little lozenges of cucumber, also cooked in butter. Heat some more butter in the pan to the hazel-nut stage and pour it, with a few drops of lemon juice, over the *suprêmes*.

For *Suprêmes de Volaille Maryland*, season and dip them in beaten egg and then fine bread crumbs and fry on both sides in plenty of butter and olive oil (the

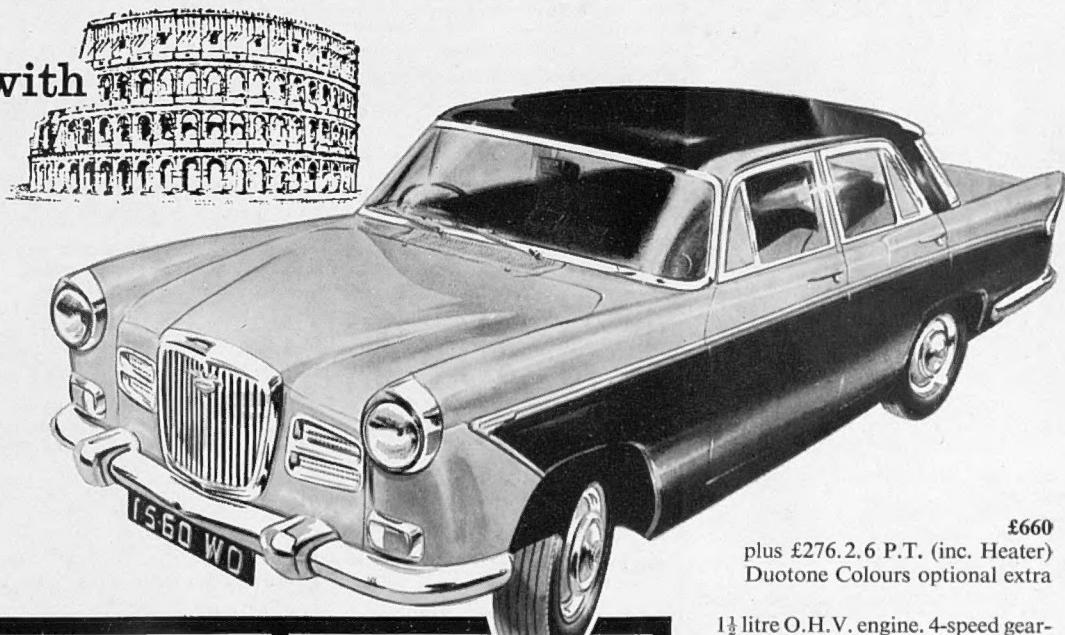
latter to prevent burning). Place each on a strip of grilled streaky bacon and serve with fried halved bananas and fried little flat cakes of creamed corn made with a thick white sauce and bound with a beaten egg.

What about the legs? Remove the bones by first scraping the meat down. Finely mince the meat from the drumsticks, the fillets (from the back), the livers and any pieces from the carcasses. Beat into the meat a thin slice of bread, soaked in milk and squeezed dry, season to taste. Stuff the boned thighs with portions of the mixture and wrap the loose skin round them. Have ready 4 rindless rashers of lean streaky bacon or belly pork, spread out flatter and longer with the back of a knife. Wrap each around a stuffed thigh and secure with a tiny skewer or cocktail stick.

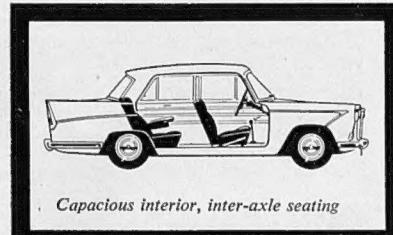
Fit into a small casserole with 12 tiny onions (poached with the chicken bones and giblets), 1 lb. tiny whole carrots, a cupful of garden peas, 3 oz. whole small mushrooms and just enough strained chicken stock to cover them. Cover and cook for 40 minutes in a fairly hot oven (375 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5). Skim off excess fat and serve with plainly boiled rice.

There is still good chicken stock for soup!

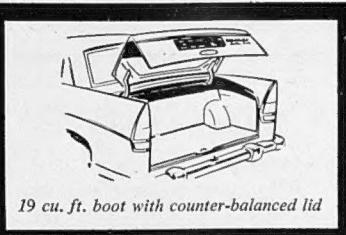
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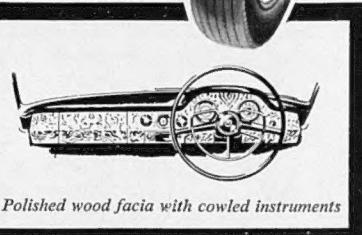
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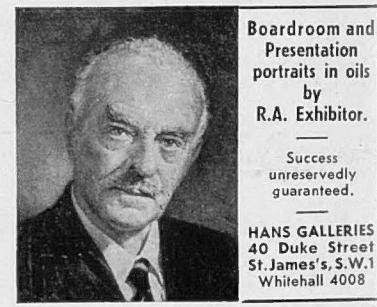
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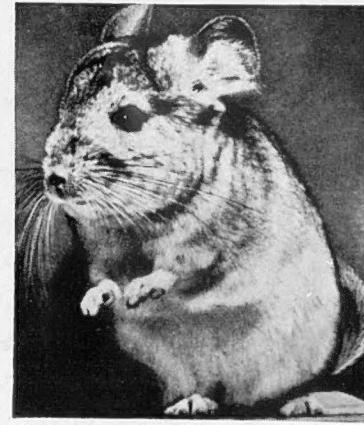
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